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REVIEWS

A History of England to the Year 1688. By John Lingard, D.D. Vol. VIII. Baldwin & Co.

What a debateable land to the historian, political as well as religious, is the period comprised in this volume!—although, in all that is exciting or inspiring, or teeming with deep and delightful interest, no portion of our history presents so barren a waste. Here are none of those romantic incidents which give such picturesque effect to the details of our earlier history—no spirit-stirring accounts of discoveries and adventure—no tales of irrepressible courage, when the unerring bow of Englishmen was the dread of other nations—nought that tells of that high and haughty spirit of freedom which flowed in the breasts of the whole people, from that glorious day when the charter was wrested from the reluctant hand of John, to that era, when the banner of the parliament waved in proud triumph over sea and land.

Every other portion of our history has its romance, but this has none—it stands drear and barren, like some treeless plain—some sand-spread arena, fitted only for combatants to meet on, and contest the prize. And numerous and opposing as were the combatants, have been the judgments of those who have sat as arbiters of the fight; for the stern republican, the advocate of a limited monarchy, and the fierce asserter of "divine right," have each beheld in the reigns of the two last Stuarts a subject for their bitterest censure, and their warmest praise,—while Catholic, Episcopalian, and Dissenter, have each, in turn, pronounced contradictory verdicts upon men held up by one party to execration as traitors, and by the other, to all honour as martyrs.

Perhaps it is impossible to look at these two reigns (more especially that of Charles,) through a wholly unprejudiced medium. He who, from his infancy, has been accustomed each 30th of January to deprecate the wrath of heaven, still ready to be poured down on a people who embrued their hands in the blood of their sovereign, and who connects the 29th of May with the joyful belief of a kingdom rescued from anarchy and fanaticism, peace and social order restored, and the true religion elevated to the right hand of the throne, to give laws to all Britain—such a man will find it difficult to view the Restoration in any other light than as a national blessing; while even the religious persecutions which succeeded, will appear but as so many strong measures which the peace of the state, and the exigencies of the period, alike imperatively demanded. Not such will be his judgment, who even on his nurse's knee has listened to the simple traditions of holy and devoted men, who, because they would not adopt rites deemed superstitious, nor consent, for lucre sake, to revoke an oath, solemnly pronounced with the right hand lifted up to heaven, were cast out from their quiet homes, and hurled from their beloved and loving people:—not such will be his feelings, who, in his boyhood, has read the affectionate addresses of mild John Flavel, "from my sad prison at Dartmouth;" or the indignant appeal of Thomas Delaune to his episcopal persecutor—himself, and wife, and two infant children, all dying of slow disease in Newgate;—or the tales of that persecution, unexampled save in the history of the Vaudois, when the hymn of thanksgiving arose from the desolate moor, and visions of heavenly glory floated before the closing eyes of the murdered Covenanter. Oh! to him, the reign of Charles will appear the blackest stain on the page of our history, and he will execrate that day which "turned again the captivity of Zion" by thrusting two thousand ministers from their flocks and from their homes. To him who still clings fast to the ancient faith of England, the reign of Charles will appear in a yet different light—the determined Catholicism of his mother and brother, and his own strongly-expressed hatred to Presbyterianism (which, however, he had twice sworn to uphold), will go far in inducing a favorable regard to him; while the indolence which permitted such cruel enactments to be put in force against the Papists, and such atrocious plots, by which some of the noblest blood in England was ignominiously spilled on the scaffold these recollections will render the chief incidents of his reign almost as disgusting to the Roman Catholic as they must ever be to the Nonconformist. Still, the closing scene of his life—when the profligate monarch in the helplessness of the last struggle, looked anxiously around for spiritual succour, and, refusing the officious aids of his bishops, caused the proscribed father Huddleston to lift the crucifix before his closing eyes, and reconcile him to that church "without whose pale there is no salvation,"—his last scene will go far to make him pronounce a favorable judgment on the character of Charles, and heartily will he breathe the prayer "*requiescat in pace.*"

These seem to be the feelings of the author of this forthcoming volume, an author already well known to the public as an historian of deep research, and, where his religious prejudices do not interfere, a valuable and an useful writer. This eighth and concluding volume comprises the history of fourteen "most eventful years,"—commencing with the treaty of Nimeguen, and concluding with the flight of James,—and thus affording copious details of a disgusting succession of party squabbles, contests for power, and plots and counterplots, which cause us to stand absolutely aghast at the utter destitution of principles of every public character of that age.

In the commencing chapter we have a brief and spirited sketch of the events of the three succeeding years, and then, more at length, an account of the infamous plot of Titus Oates. Viewing this abominable trick for raising money by frightening the whole nation out of their senses, we are astonished at the credulity which could have been gulled so grossly. The following are merely half of the horrors with which he electrified his auditors:—

"4° that in March last a man named honest William and Pickering, a lay brother, were repeatedly commissioned to shoot the king at Windsor; and that, the failure being attributed to negligence, the first had received a severe reprimand, the second twenty lashes on the bare back; 5° that on the 24th of April a grand consult of jesuits from all parts met at the White Horse tavern in the Strand, to determine on the most eligible method of taking the king's life; that three sets of assassins were provided, the two persons already mentioned, two Benedictine monks, Coniers and Anderton, and four Irishmen of unknown names, procured and instructed by Fogarty; and that in addition the reward of 10,000*l.*, and subsequently of 15,000*l.*, had been offered to Wakeman, the queen's physician, if he would poison the king. Of Wakeman's answer he was ignorant; but had heard that he gave his assent, and had frequently seen him since that period in the company of jesuits; 6° that he had arrived at the knowledge of the conspiracy by the following contrivance. His feigned conversion had so far won for him the confidence of the superiors of the order that they sent him in the first place with letters to the jesuits at Valladolid, which letters he had the curiosity to open and peruse at Burgos. From Valladolid he proceeded on a similar mission to Madrid, returned from thence through Valladolid to England, was sent back to St. Omer, accompanied the fathers from St. Omer to the grand consult, went with them again to St. Omer, and returned with new instructions to England: on all which occasions so great was the trust reposed in his faith and honesty, that the contents of the papers which he carried were communicated to him by his employers; 7° that since his return he had learned, that the jesuits were the projectors of the fire of London in 1666, and had spent seven hundred fire-balls in nourishing the conflagration; but, to indemnify themselves, had carried off one thousand carats of diamonds, and made a clear profit of 14,000*l.*; that this success had encouraged them to set fire to Southwark in 1676, by which they had gained 2000*l.* above their expenses, and that they had now under consideration a plan for the burning of Westminster, Wapping, and the ships in the river; 8° that the pope by a very recent bull had already appointed certain individuals, whom he named, to all the bishoprics and dignities in the church of England, under the persuasion that by the murder of the king the catholic religion would rise to its former ascendancy: and lastly that he had already made oath to the truth of this information 'in the whole and every particular thereof' before Sir Edmondbury Godfrey." p. 54-5.

"Here was matter enough to work on the fears of the nation," says honest, but credulous Burnet; "matter enough," indeed! Little, except the committal of a few suspected papists, was hitherto the result of this plot; but, soon after that mysterious circumstance took place, the discovery of the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey in a ditch on Primrose Hill, with a short sword thrust with such murderous force through the heart, that the point protruded inches beyond the back. Dr. Lingard, who gives the circumstances very slightly, inclines to the opinion that he killed himself—surely a man could as easily have cut off his own head, as driven a sword with such deadly strength. "But," remarks the Doctor, "his father killed himself, and his brother anxiously persuaded the jury to return a verdict of murder, because "a return of *felo de se* would deprive them of the succession to his estate." And where does Dr. Lingard discover that the jury were tampered with? O, from the circumstance that the brothers determinately refused permission to the medical men who wished to open the body! Such permission has repeatedly been refused, even in the present "age of intellect," from feelings of respect towards the dead; and, indeed, in this case, it is difficult to imagine what benefit could possibly arise, since the cause of his death was evident enough. A solemn public funeral was decreed to the remains of this unfortunate magistrate by the popular voice; and now burst forth that stronger impression of national feeling which prompted the rival imposture of Bedloe, the plot for accusing the queen of high treason, and the first direct attack against James, in the address for his exclusion from the council board. Next comes Montague's intrigue against Danby, which so well exemplified the true but homely proverb, "when rogues fall out honest men come by their goods"—when these precious documents, which proved "his sacred majesty" a pensioner on France, and ready to sell the country to the highest bidder, were laid on the table of the House of Commons, parliament was now somewhat roused, and spoke out, if not with true English feeling, yet with some degree of spirit; and Charles alarmed, first prorogued, and soon after sent its members about their business.

Little benefit did he obtain—all England clamoured for men who would uphold "the true Protestant interest;" and let it be remembered, that in *that* age "the true Protestant interest" was synonymous with the noblest principles of freedom. While we censure and lament many of the fierce ebullitions of popular feeling against the Papists—let us also remember, that to Popish counsels all the misfortunes of the elder Charles were to be traced—that, during the long struggle for liberty, the Roman Catholic noblemen were the fiercest opponents of the subject's rights, and in many instances espoused the part of the established church so warmly, as justly to warrant the conclusion, which the Presbyterians indeed soon came to, that there was more of distinction than difference between the two religions. And now that Charles was restored, the public plainly saw, that to the influence of his Roman Catholic advisers each disgraceful act was to be traced; and dreading too, in the event of the king's death, a monarch so vehemently devoted to the obnoxious faith, as James would undoubtedly become, they joined with one heart in returning to parliament, men who should uphold measures believed by them to be indispensable to the well being—indeed, to the actual existence, of the nation. The parliament met—the bill for the exclusion of James, and the habeas corpus act, were passed, when public attention was called to the affairs of Scotland, where the legalized murder of Mitchell, after a solemn promise of life by four of the lords of the council, and the illegalized murder of Sharpe, the apostate Archbishop, took place. And then did fire and sword, and the book of common-prayer, visit every quiet village and remote glen of the west; and then were the battles of Drumclog and of Bothwell Brig fought, and hundreds of Covenanters on the field and at the gibbet gave their glad testimony to "the good cause." Dr. Lingard's account of this rising is less marked by party-spirit than we might have expected; he does not special-plead like Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, nor set at defiance known facts like the Rev. Parker Lawson: a slight sarcasm appears when he alludes to the execution of Isabel Alison and Marian Harvey (two young women who were hanged for the atrocious crime of singing psalms at a field meeting), because "the canticles threw them into extasies of joy, and they cheered their last moments by applying to themselves the passage, "my fair one, come away." Has Dr. Lingard forgotten the extasies of his own Theresa?—or the extravagantly amatory hymns of St. Catherine of Sienna? But, to return to England. The new parliament had not a long life—it struggled boldly and vehemently with the king, who, finding himself unable to cope with it, suddenly commanded a dissolution. And now the king set about arranging his longed-for scheme, that of ruling without a parliament.

"The real motive of the king, which was unknown to the council, may be discovered in a secret intrigue between him and the French ambassador. A little before the dissolution in July, Charles had applied to that minister for relief from the pecuniary embarrassments with which he saw himself threatened. Louis was, indeed, offended at his past conduct: but he did not allow his resentment to stand in the way of his interests. He accepted the apology of his English brother; he even listened to his proposals, but at the same time affected to set no great value on any services which could then be rendered to him by the English crown. It was to quicken his tardiness that Charles summoned a new parliament when he dissolved the old one. The negociation then proceeded more rapidly: it was at last agreed that the king should receive from France a pension of 1,000,000 of livres during three years; and under these circumstances, Charles, being no longer at a loss for money, resolved on the prorogation. It chanced, however, that the treaty was not yet signed, and Louis grasped at the opportunity to append to it new and more humiliating conditions. The pride of the king revolted: James advised him to substitute in lieu of the French pension a system of the most rigorous economy; and Charles following his council not only rejected the conditions, but refused to listen to Barillon, when he proposed to resume the negociation.

"That minister was at the same time called upon to remunerate the services of those who had given him their aid during the last session of parliament. The army had been disbanded; the lord treasurer had fallen; they had gained a right to the rewards which had previously been promised. To the Duke of Buckingham he paid the sum of 1000 guineas; and another sum of 2500 guineas he distributed in equal portions among Baber, Sydney, Harbord, Lyttleton, and Powle. Montague demanded 100,000 crowns according to the terms of the contract. The ambassador rejected his claim. Danby was, indeed, in prison; but his trial had not taken place; it remained yet to be seen whether the Lord Treasurer were ruined or not. Montague, on the other hand, complained of such chicanery; he pretended that to purchase the votes of those who supported him in the House of Commons he had mortgaged the larger portion of the money; and at last by dint of importunity, obtained 50,000 crowns, one half of his demand." p. 142—44.

This is the statement of Dr. Lingard, but not one word of indignation escapes him at this scene of unexampled treachery, while, in the very next paragraph, after describing a pageant got up on the 17th of November, in which the pope and the devil were exhibited in most loving unity, he exultingly remarks, "but in 1682 Charles recovered the ascendancy in his capital, and put down the nuisance." Truly, a tolerably severe tax did the City of London pay in the loss of every chartered right, for presuming to patronize this "nuisance." And now commenced the struggles for the future crown, between Monmouth and James. As Monmouth was supported by the whigs, and James by the tories, Dr. Lingard's dislike to the former is exhibited in every page, and he triumphantly and repeatedly asserts his unquestionable illegitimacy. Now, although some certainly believed him to be the legitimate son of Charles, yet the great majority of his followers supported him, *not* on account of his birth, but on account of his principles. It was, because he promised to govern by parliaments, and to "set open the prison doors of those who had been bound" by Conventicle and Five Mile Acts, that the bold yeomanry and flourishing clothiers of the west flocked so willingly to his banner. The following very singular remarks occur after describing the sudden dissolution of Charles's last parliament:—

"Such was the abrupt termination of this, the last parliament in the reign of Charles II.; and it may be considered a fortunate circumstance for the country that it never brought to a termination the important question of the succession. James was not of a temper to acquiesce either in the expedient or the exclusion: he would have appealed to arms in defence of what he considered his right; and so profound was the reverence felt for the principles of the ancient constitution, so strong the prepossession in favour of *the divine right of hereditary succession*, that he would have found multitudes ready to draw the sword in his cause. Had he succeeded, he would have come a conqueror to the throne, armed with more formidable authority than he could have possessed in the ordinary way of inheritance; and if he had failed, there was reason to fear from the political bias of the popular leaders, that the legitimate rights of the sovereign would have been reduced to the mere name and pageantry of a throne. It is probable that the dissolution preserved the nation from a civil war, and from its natural consequences, the establishment of a republican or of an *arbitrary government*." p. 209-10.

Truly, if Charles's reign was not an "arbitrary government," heaven help those who

are under one! For our own parts, we know not where to seek out for specimens of a more arbitrary rule, except perhaps in the kingdom of Ashantee.

After this avowal of the Doctor's opinions, we are not at all surprised to find him detailing with feelings of scarcely suppressed gratulation the particulars of "the retribution," when "the storm which had so long raged against the Catholics, burst on the heads of their oppressors." The execution of College; the "laws against Conventicles;" the "complete ascendancy" gained by the court "in the city, where the king had both mayor and sheriffs at his devotion;" "the franchise and liberty of the City of London" "taken and seized into the king's hands;" the execution of Lord Russell, and the Oxford decree in favour of passive obedience, when that learned body magnanimously consigned to the flames the doctrines of far wiser heads and purer consciences than their own, are all most coolly related. A neat sarcasm on the haste with which these doctrines were revived from their ashes, when, in the following reign, the church found practice less easy than preaching, is, however, appended to the account of the last. Next follows the trial of that last of the great men of the Commonwealth—Algernon Sydney; and here, surely religious animosity must be strong indeed, that could foist in, after detailing his five appeals to heaven, when his most iniquitous sentence was pronounced, the remark, "this passionate apostrophe *which was probably composed for the occasion.*" No! men of Sydney's principles are not forced to cudgel their brain to give expression to whatever is spirited or eloquent—their eloquence is the result of their principles, and, like an ever-flowing fountain, it springs up fresh and abundant at their call.

We might proceed much farther, and follow our author through the devious ways and crooked windings of those state intrigues, which render this whole period so disgusting, but space warns us to conclude. With the opinions of Dr. Lingard, in this portion of his history, we feel it impossible to coincide; and we feel it would be equally impossible to place characters and circumstances before his eyes in the light in which they appear to us. To the lover of freedom, the reigns of the last two Stuarts will ever appear dark blots on the page of history.

Life of Mrs. Jordan; including original Private Correspondence, and numerous Anecdotes of her Contemporaries. By James Boaden, Esq., author of the "Life of Kemble," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Bull.

We are particular in copying the whole of this title-page, for it is a pretty specimen of the promissory-notes the public take up, and by which (in return) they are taken in. The actual "Life of Mrs. Jordan" (occupying less than a sixth of these large volumes) could be neatly packed into a snug duodecimo: the "original private correspondence" does not exceed some ten or a dozen letters: and the "numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries," (which, it will be observed, are *not* labelled as "original,") are quietly picked out of the numerous volumes of theatrical sayings and doings with which various reminiscents have of late years pestered the public. There are no private (or public!) anecdotes of Mrs. Jordan; no account of her off the stage; nothing to show the woman as she was, when the artificial glare of the theatre had left her.

Were we to analyze this thing of "shreds and patches," we should surmise that Mr. Boaden had a quantity of theatrical gossip and chit-chat, which he could not weave into his former works, and made use of Mrs. Jordan's life as a thread wherewith to connect, and whereon to string them. Any other play-going dangler might have done this better. Half the present interest in Mrs. Jordan arises from the peculiarity of her private life: we rejoice that Mr. Boaden is ignorant of its details. Even his information respecting her professional career is drawn almost wholly from magazines and newspapers. Tate Wilkinson's "Memoirs," Lockhart's "Personal Memoirs," and Sir Jonah Barrington's "Wild Sketches," supply the particulars of her early career.

The Duke of York's duel with Colonel Lennox, the Amours of the Royal Princes, the French Revolution, Hatfield's attempt on the life of George III., John Palmer's death and Fred. Cooke's life, Kemble's acting, Mr. Boaden's many plays (what has become of them?), Critiques on Sheridan and Shakspeare, Colman and O'Keefe, the whole History of the Young Roscius, Elliston's three suits of armour, Junius and Wilkes, Cumberland and Burgoyne, Cobbett and Thelwall, Farquhar and Wycherly, Romney and Shee, Colonel Despard and Napoleon, Foote and Murphy, Perry and Tom Sheridan,—with some hundreds of other subjects, fill up the volumes, but these "thrice-told tales" are not "Memoirs of Mrs. Jordan." In a word, Mr. Boaden has written two more silly and insipid volumes of Theatrical Ana, to which he has affixed a catching title. He is the very St John Long of biography, and perpetrates the "Lives" of eminent people with admirable self-satisfaction and complacency.

We have spoken of the very meagre account here given of Mrs. Jordan's private life: it seems that Mr. Boaden thinks he has accomplished "a truer representation" of this, "than any other writer had yet been able to supply." This would be no hard task, for we do not remember any other memoir of her than his own! He also thinks Mrs. Jordan "unquestionably demands such a tribute" as her "Life" from him "particularly, who discharges but a debt to the muse of Comedy, after having celebrated the two principal favourites of her serious sister."

This is sentimental, no doubt, but, fairly translated, it amounts to this—that, because the public have endured four volumes of verbose compilation respecting the Kembles, Mr. Boaden is bound in conscience to perpetrate two others about Mrs. Jordan. As to the offering to the "Muse of Comedy," it is strange that Mr. Boaden did not remember the obligation till Mrs. Jordan had been dead some fourteen or fifteen years—it is an offering strangely timed, and has been strangely delayed—and, if an offering at all, was, we suspect, intended for a *burnt* offering.

We shall now glance hastily through the work. Mrs. Jordan was born near Waterford, about the year 1762. Her mother (one of three sisters of a Welsh family named Phillips,) married a Mr. Bland, a minor, whose friends had the marriage annulled. Mrs. J.'s first stage-name was Francis. She was pretty, well-educated, and "acquired almost domestically," a very correct diction in her native language, and the power of composing agreeably in prose or verse, with little premeditation. Her first appearance was in Dublin, as Phœbe in "As you like it;" Lopez, in the "Duenna," the Romp in the farce so called, and Adelaide in the "Count of Narbonne," followed. She was then sixteen years old. Daly, the Dublin manager, took her to Cork, where she was engaged at twenty shillings a week. She took a benefit, which failed, the expenditure exceeding the receipts. The young "bucks" of Cork insisted on her having a free benefit, by which she cleared £40. On her return to Dublin, her salary was raised to three guineas a week. From Dublin she went to Waterford, where a Lieutenant Doyne fell in love with and offered her his hand. Her mother thought, with Keats, that

> Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
> Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;

and as the young Mars had little besides his pay, the affair was broken off.

In July 1782, she arrived at Leeds. Tate Wilkinson (manager of the York Company) had, in 1758, played Othello to her mother's Desdemona, in Dublin.

"The party was fatigued with the journey, and the first glance of the manager sufficed to acquaint him with their indifferent circumstances. The mother had an introduction, which, like that of brother soldiers, is always strong—she had served with Mr. Wilkinson in the campaigns of their youth; and it was not unlikely, that the young lady inherited some theatrical talent, as the quality of the soil she sprang from. However, he asked her laconically, whether her line was tragedy, comedy, or opera? To which, in one word, she answered, 'ALL.'

"When telling her story afterwards, she always said, at this point of it—'Sir, in my life, I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished!'" i. 23.

At this time she was "a girl of nineteen, and had the whole family dependent on her exertions. Wilkinson engaged her. When he besought her to favour him with the usual 'taste of her quality,' a passionate speech—the languor that sat upon her frame, pronounced her just then to be incapable of any assumed passion. She wished to merit an engagement by a fair trial on the boards, and the manager assented to this, the fairest of all propositions. Their considerate friend now ordered a bottle of Madeira to be brought in, and the friendly charm soon revived the spirits of the travellers, who chatted gaily upon the subject of the Irish stage, and the general news of that kingdom, till at length the manager espied a favourable opportunity of repeating his request for the speech, which was to decide in some degree his opinion of her value; and the interesting woman spoke for him a few lines of Calista, which they settled she was to act on the Thursday following, with Lucy, in the 'Virgin Unmasked.' The exquisite and plaintive melody of her voice, the distinctness of her articulation, the truth and nature that looked through her, affected the experienced actor deeply! his internal delight could only be balanced by his hopes; and he poured out his praise and his congratulation in no measured language. As is usual on such occasions, the modest actress replied that, 'if she could but please her manager, she should be satisfied; and that, should she achieve the public favour, he should ever find her grateful for the aid he had afforded to her necessity.' If the heart

speaks too much on these occasions, it is cruel to arrest its triumph by a suspicion dishonourable to our nature; Tate acknowledged a sudden 'impulse of regard,' and the parties separated with mutual good wishes, and expressions of entire confidence in the result." i. 25-6.

She appeared at Leeds, as Calista, and (to the surprise of Wilkinson, who had seen no symptoms of comedy in her,) volunteered to sing the "Greenwood Laddie" after the play.

"She was heard through the play with the greatest attention and sympathy, and the manager began to tremble at the absurdity, as he reasonably thought it, of Calista arising from the dead, and rushing before an audience in their tears, to sing a ballad in the pastoral style, which nobody called for or cared about.—But on she jumped, with her elastic spring, and a smile that nature's own cunning hand had moulded, in a frock and a little mob-cap, and her curls as she wore them all her life; and she sang her ballad so enchantingly as to fascinate her hearers, and convince the manager that every charm had not been exhausted by past times, nor all of them numbered; for the volunteer unaccompanied ballad of Mrs. Jordan was peculiar to her, and charmed only by *her* voice and manner. Leeds, though a manufacturing town, and strongly addicted to the interests of trade, was, at the call of the charmer, induced to crowd her benefit on the fifth of August; and that being over, the troop were seen in full march for York, where Wilkinson had ordered his new acquisition to be announced as Calista, by the name of Francis." i. 28-9.

She now, for very becoming reasons, took the matronly name of Mrs. Jordan (Mr. B. thinks that even then she was "protected" by Mr. Ford, by whom she had a family). She went the "North Circuit," and being seen by Smith, of Drury Lane, an engagement ensued. Up to this time her characters were of the tragic caste. On Tuesday, the 18th October, 1785, the curtain drew up to the Country Girl of Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Inchbald records of her—

"That 'she came to town with no report in her favour, to elevate her above a very moderate salary (four pounds), or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here *moderation* stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature—such excellent sense, and such innocent simplicity—that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in her praises, when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their eulogiums.'" i. 69-70.

And Mr. Boaden says—

"She retired that night from the theatre, happy to the extent of her wishes, and satisfied that she would not long be rated on the treasurer's books at four pounds per week." i. 73.

In a short time she found out that her *forte* lay in Comedy, although she constantly performed Tragedy also. She now had a high salary. She continued to win fame and money. Many plays were written for her expressly. The "Spoiled Child" has been attributed to her own pen.

In 1791-2 her attendance at the theatre was rather irregular. Mr. Boaden says—

"But a circumstance had occurred, which was now generally known, I mean the declared admiration of a Royal Duke for this delightful actress, and a wish for her society permanently, on such terms as his peculiar situation alone permitted. He invaded no man's absolute rights—he did not descend to corrupt or debase. Not considering himself *entirely* a creature of the state, he had presumed to avow an affection for a woman of the most fascinating description; and his yet unsullied HONOUR was the pledge, that the fruits, if any, of such an union, should be considered most sacredly as *his*—that he took the *duties* of a father along with the natural relation. We were now in the ferment of the French revolution, and it became a crime in the eyes of no small part of the public that Mrs. Jordan had listened to a prince. In spite of his services as a naval officer, and the frank, cordial manners, which were not more the characteristics of his profession than of his own nature, the noble seaman was neither well treated by the government, nor did his popularity at all compensate a very niggardly establishment. On a sudden, writers in the daily papers became most anxiously solicitous about Mrs. Jordan's *family*; (as if it had not at all times been the 'precious jewel of her soul'). 'What, in the new connexion, became of Mrs. Jordan's family?' Mr. Ford was elevated by some persons into an injured and deserted man; they neither knew him nor his privity to the advances made by the noble suitor. They had never seen him at the wing of the theatre, and thrown their eyes, as he must have done, to the private boxes. Mrs. Jordan was not a woman to *hoodwink* herself in any of her actions—she knew the sanctions of law and religion as well as anybody, and their value—this implies that she did not view them with indifference. And had Mr. Ford, as she proposed to him, taken that one step *farther*, which the Duke could *not* take, the treaty with the latter would have ended at the moment." i. 207—9.

Mr. Boaden is a miserable apologist.

Until 1809 she continued, with the occasional family interruptions, (which Mr. B. delights in recording,) to perform, in the Drury Lane company.

The latter half of the second volume is all that has the slightest interest. Mrs. Jordan had now married her daughters, the Misses Ford, and the public prints were full of intimations of quarrels at Bushy. The following letter refers to this:—

"Bushy House, Sunday.

"Dear Sir,—I should be very ungrateful indeed, if I could, for a moment, consider as an enemy, one from whom I have received very decided proofs of kindness and attention. I love candour and truth on all occasions, and the frankness with which you speak of my professional merits, stamps a value on your opinion of them; and which (*entre nous*) I really believe is quite as much as they deserve! but we do not feel inclined to quarrel with the world for thinking BETTER of us than we deserve.

"I do not know how to thank you for the humanity with which you seem to enter into my feelings; they are, indeed, very *acute*: and, did you know the three incomparable, and truly amiable objects of my anxiety, you would not be inclined to withdraw your sympathy.

"With regard to the report of my quarrel with the Duke, every day of our *past* and present lives must give the lie to it. He is an example for half the husbands and fathers in the world, the best of masters, and the most firm and generous of friends. I will, in a day or two, avail myself of your kind offer, to contradict those odious and truly wicked reports. I am so ill that I can do nothing myself, but must wait for the assistance of a good and clever friend, who is at present out of the way, and who, (if truth is not quite scared out of the world,) will endeavour to do away the ill impressions those reports were meant to make. In the meantime, accept my thanks, and believe me,

"Yours truly,
"DORA JORDAN."

Shortly after, she accepted engagements in the country, and proceeded to Bath. The following letter developes more of the heart and mind of the writer, than all Mr. Boaden has written on the subject:—

"Bath, Sunday, 22 April, 1809.

Dear Sir,—I should be more insensible than my heart tells me I am, if I did not experience much gratification from your very kind and friendly letters—*friendly* they must be, for, though I am ever asking favours of you, I feel it impossible that I can ever return them.

"My professional success through life has, indeed, been *most extraordinary*; and, consequently, attended with *great emoluments*. But from my first starting in life, at the early age of fourteen, I have always had a large family to support. My mother was a duty. But on *brothers* and *sisters* I have lavished more money than can be supposed; and more, I am sorry to say, than I can well justify to those who have a stronger and prior claim on my exertions. With regard to myself, (as much depends on our ideas of riches,) I have certainly enough; but this is too selfish a consideration, to weigh one moment against what I consider to be a duty. I am quite tired of the profession. I have lost those great excitements, *vanity* and *emulation*. The *first* has been amply gratified; and the last I see no occasion for; but still, without these, it is a mere money-getting drudgery.

"The enthusiasm of the good people here is really ridiculous; but it brings 'grist to the mill,' and I shall, notwithstanding the great drawback of unsettled weather, clear, between this place and Bristol, from 800*l.* to 900*l.*

"Though I very seldom go out, when from home, I was tempted by my dear girl, to go to a fashionable library to read the papers; and, not being known, was entertained by some ladies with a most *pathetic* description of the parting between me and the Duke! My very dress was described, and the *whole conversation accurately repeated!* Unfortunately for the *party*, a lady came in, who immediately addressed me by name, which threw them into the most ridiculous and (I conceive) the most unpleasant embarrassment imaginable. In pity to them, I left the place *immediately*, and flatter myself I did not show any disgust or ill-nature on the occasion.

"The last favour I asked of you, was not to gratify my own vanity, but my *best friends*; who, in spite of the world, are, I can with truth assure you, as much interested about me, as they were seventeen years ago.

"Believe me ever
"Your truly obliged,
"DORA JORDAN.

"P.S. I fear I have tired you with my scrawl."

After the battle of Talavera, wherein one of her sons had the honour to serve, she thus writes:—

"Bushy, Thursday, August 17, 1809.

"I am very vain, but still I have judgment enough not to be *fond* of doing that which I know I do very *ill*. Still I feel pleasure in writing to you, who so kindly enter into all my feelings. You may easily guess what they were last Monday night, when I heard the account of the battle of Talavera. Five thousand killed! —the Duke at Brighton! I went to bed, but not to sleep.

"The Duke set out at five o'clock on the Tuesday, to be the first to relieve me from my misery. I am *mentally* relieved; but it has torn my nerves to pieces. I have *five* boys, and must look forward to a life of constant anxiety and suspense. I am at present very ill. Excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me,

"Your ever obliged,
"DORA JORDAN."

Of the real ground of separation between Mrs. Jordan and the Duke, nothing has ever been publicly known; and Mr. Boaden is

fortunately not able to gratify curiosity. She was acting at Cheltenham when the letter communicating his intention of separating from her, and desiring her to meet him at Maidenhead, was received:—

"She arrived at the theatre dreadfully weakened by a succession of fainting fits. She, however, struggled on with Nell, until Jobson arrived at the passage where he has to accuse the conjuror of making her *laughing drunk*. When the actress here attempted to laugh, the afflicted *woman* burst into tears. Her Jobson with great presence of mind altered the text and exclaimed to her—'Why, Nell, the conjuror has not only made thee drunk—he has made thee *crying* drunk,'—thus covering her personal distress, and carrying her through the scene in character. After the performance, she was put into a travelling chariot in her stage dress, to keep her appointment with the Royal Duke, in a state of anguish easily to be conceived. What passed at the meeting I would not wish to detail. After allowing her due time to recover her spirits, and endeavour to do herself justice, by making her statement to the Regent—submitting herself entirely to his *judgment*, and finally to the generous nature of the Duke *himself*, she thus writes upon the subject of the separation to her confidential friend:—

"Bushy, Saturday.

"My dear Sir,—I received yours and its inclosure safe this morning. My mind is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the *shock and surprise* it has lately received; for could *you* or the *world* believe that we never had, for twenty years, the *semblance* of a QUARREL. But this is so well known in our domestic circle, that the astonishment is the *greater!* MONEY, money, my good friend, or the *want* of it, has, I am convinced, made HIM, at this moment, the most *wretched* of MEN; but having done *wrong*, he does not like to retract. But with all his excellent qualities, his domestic *virtues*, his love for his *lovely* children, what must he not at this moment *suffer!* His distresses should have been relieved *before;* but this is *entre nous*.

"All his letters are full of the most unqualified praise of my conduct; and it is the most heartfelt blessing to know that, to the best of my power, I have endeavoured to deserve it. I have received the greatest kindness and attention from the R——t, and every branch of the Royal Family, who, in the most *unreserved terms*, deplore this melancholy business. The whole correspondence is before the R——t, and I am proud to add, that my *past* and *present conduct* has secured me a friend, who *declares* he never will forsake me. 'My forbearance,' he says, 'is beyond what he could have imagined!' But what will not a woman do, who is firmly and sincerely attached? Had he left me to *starve*, I never would have uttered a word to his disadvantage. I inclose you two other letters; and in a day or two you shall *see more*, the rest being in the hands of the R——t. And now, my dear friend, do not hear the D. of C. unfairly abused. He has done *wrong*, and he is *suffering* for it. But as far as he has left it in his *own power*, he is doing everything KIND and NOBLE, even to the *distressing* HIMSELF. I thank you sincerely for the friendly *caution* at the end of your letter, though I trust there will be no occasion for it; but it was kind and friendly, and as such I shall ever esteem it.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"DORA JORDAN."

After this separation, Mrs. Jordan returned to the stage for a short time. She now—how, has never been satisfactorily explained—became involved in great pecuniary difficulties. There is no doubt the direct cause was certain bills and bonds given to assist one of her sons-in-law; but the amount was not great, (says Mr. Boaden,) when we consider her long and prosperous professional engagements; and the fortune promised to her daughters was not paid, although we must presume she had the means of paying when promised. But the mystery is not cleared up even by the "authentic statement" of these volumes—a statement vague, and unsatisfactory. Her embarrassment, however, is certain—she was obliged to quit England—resided, under another name, first at Boulogne, then at Versailles, and finally at St. Cloud, where she died. All here is mystery! In the latter end of June, a letter was received, written by Mrs. Jordan's companion to one of her daughters, informing her that "after a few days' illness, that lady had died at St. Cloud"—and her death was announced in the papers. Three days after, a second letter from the same writer was received, stating that "she had been deceived by Mrs. Jordan's appearance, that she was alive, but very ill." Preparations were making for her daughter to go to her, when a third letter arrived, stating that she was really dead.

"There was a notion," says Mr. Boaden, "that, so far from her being dead, Mrs. Jordan had been met by various persons in London, and I MYSELF was very strongly impressed with a notion that I had *seen* her. The dear lady was not an every-day sort of woman. Not that there were not persons who resemble her; for some such I knew, who had more than a *slight* resemblance in features, and who, to enhance their own attractions, copied her smile, and a peculiar action of the mouth, which was full of effect, and pointed an ironical sentence. But there is a physiognomy so minute, if we *will* observe, as to decide the almost indifferent actions of the human character. She was near-sighted, and wore a glass attached to a gold chain about her neck; her manner of using this to assist her sight was extremely peculiar. I was taking a very usual walk before dinner, and I stopped at a bookseller's window on the left side of Piccadilly, to look at an embellishment to some new publication that struck my eye. On a sudden a lady stood by my side, who had stopt with a similar impulse: to my conviction it was Mrs. Jordan. As she did not speak, but dropt a long white veil immediately over her face, I concluded that she did not wish to be recognised, and therefore, however I should have wished an explanation of what so surprised me, I yielded to her pleasure upon the occasion, grounded, I had no doubt, upon sufficient reason.

"When I returned to my own house, at dinner time, I mentioned the circumstance at table, and the way in which it struck me is still remembered in the family. I used, on the occasion, the strong language of Macbeth, 'If I stand *here*, I SAW her.' It was but very recently I heard, for the first time, that one of her daughters, Mrs. Alsop, had, to her entire conviction, met her mother in the Strand, after the report of her death; that the reality, or the fancy, threw her into *fits* at the time; and that to her own death, she believed that she had not been deceived. With *her*, indeed, it was deemed a vision, a spectral appearance at noon-day, which I need not say was not my impression in the rencontre with myself." ii. 333—5.

All here, we repeat, is mystery!—but it is Mr. Boaden's version of the story; and we have no doubt a plain tale would unriddle the whole in a moment: every line convinces us more and more that these volumes were intended as a *burnt*-offering—they are a vile, miserable compilation; and, except the latter half of the second volume, which no man of any decent feeling would have chosen to publish just now, are not worth more than waste paper.

Antediluvian Sketches, and other Poems. By Richard Howitt. fc. 8vo. London, 1830. Seeley & Sons.

THE Howitts, Mary and William—doubly linked to each other, by the hymeneal bonds, and a happy congeniality of pure poetical taste—are favourites with us. They rank among the few who write much and write well. The volume before us, from the pen of their brother, is pleasantly free from all pretension—the besetting evil of the times. The poet seems to have written it without thinking of what his compeers call the "curse of criticism." Thence, perhaps, his verses are natural and graceful, flowing freely from the deep fountain of his feelings.

Mr. Richard Howitt has a fine taste for nature in all her simplicity. "There is," said Shelley, "an eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks, and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dance in breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone!" Nature must be studied, like a book, if we would paint her bright and beautiful as she is. Mountain and valley, the plain, the waste, the wooded upland, the roaring cataract, the half-voiced rivulet, the mighty ocean, the gorgeous splendour of the heavens, must be to us "as the old familiar faces" which Charles Lamb (in auld lang syne) so sweetly sang of. The poet must be deep read in all the mysteries of nature. The rhymester of the drawing-room—the admired of album-possessed maidens—elaborates a fancy portrait, while the poet dashes off a life-breathing picture, which, when beheld, is instantly and delightedly recognized.

All the Howitts have this keen perception of the beauties of the natural world. They all write affectionately and unaffectedly. When their song takes a saddened tone—for the happiest hearts must sometimes indulge in the "luxury of woe"—its sadness is not morbid: their melancholy is not put on like a mask: they have always avoided the exaggerated feeling which disfigures too much of the poetry of the day.

The "Antediluvian Sketches" do not form the best portion of the volume. The sublime truths and splendid allegories of Holy Writ stand on a high pedestal, beyond the reach of the poet. They *are* poetry. But the miscellaneous poems are delicate and elegant;—sometimes sunny-tinted with the rays of mirth, but often clothed in the calm beauty of softened and subdued feeling. How very exquisite is the following Song!—

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of orient crimsoned morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing,
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then:
For there 's nothing gladsome round me,
Or beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

There is some fine language in the next little poem. In the graceful flow of its expression we are reminded of the beauty of some of Moore's Melodies:—

Go forth in the eve, when the light has grown tender,
When the sun has gone gloriously down to the sea,
When from clouds and from mountains is waning the splendour,
And the shadows steal fast over woodland and lea.

Away, in the twilight, ye lovers! away
For the time and your hearts will have softness the same,
And the sounds which are heard in the hush of the day,
Will awaken emotions no language may name.

Away—ye are blessed! go forth in the dews—
Through the gloom of old groves wander on with delight,
And your joy to the flowers shall lend delicate hues,
Ere they shroud from your view in the shadows of night.

And if, as the twilight still deepens to sadness—
A sadness o'er bosoms so blessed should steal;
O, more dear than the daylight that cometh with gladness,
From the depth of your joy be the sadness you feel.

Thus waters, which sparkle and foam in their lightness,
Flow on to a depth where they rest, and are sad;
There, winning in strength, what they want of their brightness—
So be yours the full hearts of the pensively glad.

The stanzas "To a Marten" have much of the dignity and elegance of Mrs. Hemans;—and in "The Truant"—"The Sexton's Mare"—"The Careless Sleeper"—and the "Village Tyrant's Funeral"—we see a good deal of the simple truth of Wordsworth's Lyricals.

The concentration of thought which the Sonnet requires is a severe but necessary schooling for the imagination. Mr. Howitt is very felicitous in those he has given. What a picture is this!—

The Slave.

He was a chieftain in his native land,
A fearless hunter with the bow and spear:
Unwearied did he track the desert sand,
The lion slew he with a jovial cheer.
And now he toils beneath the summer sun
A thousand leagues from where his foot was free;
A thousand leagues from where his children run,
Who bore his bow, or clomb to share his knee.
Through the sad day he toils, but through the night
In blessed dreams he treads his native wild,—
Gazes on her who was his life, his light,
And in his transport clasps each loved child.
The day must dawn—the day that bears him back
A thousand leagues—to place him on the rack!

Here we conclude. We have been so pleased with the beauty of these compositions, that we have not looked for faults. The concluding paragraph of the preface informs us, that "The Count and Princess, a story from Boccaccio, will, with other stories in verse, make its appearance hereafter." We trust the "hereafter" may be hurried on. Good poetry is worth having.

Les Mauvais Garçons. Par P. L. Jacob. 2 vols. Demengeot et Goodman, Editeurs. Bruxelles, 1830.

This, though a foreign work, is especially deserving a place in an English review, for it is the result of English literature. The author of these two volumes also writes himself "Auteur des Deux Fous, et des Soirées de Walter Scott," and they afford fresh proof of the universal diffusion and deep admiration of the works of our illustrious *romancier*. Any one well acquainted with his novels (and who is *una*cquainted?) may trace in most chapters of "Les Mauvais Garçons" the effects of his genius. His works have evidently been read and re-read, till intense admiration has given *something* of the same kind of handling. The plot is a melange of episodes—mainly intended to introduce a variety of sketches of old Parisian history at once, as the preface says, so picturesque and so unknown. The author is very modest, and notwithstanding the activity of his researches, and the German patience (la patience toute allemande) that he has employed in studying the authors of the sixteenth century, he expresses himself conscious of many errors. The worst charge against the best of these historical romances is, that, however antique the phraseology may be, the sentiments are always modern; the heroes and heroines are dressed up shadows; the clothes are of an ancient date, the characters of to-day. But "Les Mauvais Garçons" is highly dramatic, melo-dramatic we should say,—and refers to those unhappy, brilliant, stirring times, when Francis the First was in captivity, and when his empire, overwhelmed by the effects of his Milanese wars, was abandoned to the tender mercies of an avaricious chancellor, a revengeful regent, Italian soldiery who had permission to live upon the people, and masked brigands, known in history under the name of "Les Mauvais Garçons."

These formidable personages lived in a warlike manner (*comme gens de guerre,*) armed and ready to fight on the least signal, and the slightest excuse. They were armed with arquebuss, dagger, and cutlass, and their cry of battle and pillage was—"*Vive Bourgogne! A sac! A sac!*" Nothing was more difficult than to surprise them; and they were dreaded by all who had anything to lose. They prowled about Paris in the day-time, and generally retired with their booty at night to a wood near Bourget. The novel to which they have given their name, opens with an affray among the university students: a litter is overturned—a lady faints;—then follows a rescue, a fright, and a falling in love—materials enough to set out with. Ludder, the hero, is a handsome—the word will drop from the end of the pen—*vagabond*—he is a foundling, brought up by a tribe of wandering Bohemians; but for some motive, not very clearly defined, he leaves them, and comes to Paris to finish his education as a student in the university, and to fall in love with the daughter of his host, Maitre Oudard Mercer. The opening scenes remind us exceedingly of the opening chapters in the "Fortunes of Nigel,"—the students of Paris, in aptitude of fight, answering to the apprentices of London. The lady of the litter, the Countess de Laborne, falls in love with the blue-eyed, dark eye-lashed, tall, haughty, fierce, pensive Ludder; the love in "Les Mauvais Garçons" is exceedingly barbaric; and the peace is exceedingly warlike. We have assignations, tournaments, law-pleadings—but fighting is mixed up with all. M. Jacob is too well read in old Chronicles, to give us an *inviting* description of the days of chivalry.

Perhaps one of the most touching parts in the work, is the prison-scene, between the old Bohemian and his daughter, and Ludder, his adopted son. The two first are condemned to be *boiled* on the morrow as sorcerers, and Ludder goes to bid them farewell; his guide is the executioner, bearing the faggots intended for the occasion; but of his guide's profession, the young man is ignorant. Jehan Dulac is not represented as a savage delighting in his vocation; he has pity and tears in him; and this (for *such* a functionary) unusual style of character adds exceedingly to the interest, and deepens our sympathy, when we afterwards find poor Jehan Dulac involved in a tragic catastrophe. We translate a portion of this scene.

"'The prison!' cried Ludder, 'the prison! and it is there then that the unhappy ones are left to groan and complain!'

"'Poor and guilty as they are, they are also as you say, Sir, in great suffering. It will be even better for them to be burned to-morrow than live on in the state to which they are reduced; pity brings water in my eyes whenever I think of them. Truly one must have the heart of a monk to torment two such creatures—an old man, so old, that he could not have lived much longer, and a girl so young and pretty, that to put *her* to death is verily a sin not to be forgiven. I wonder nature has denied our lords the power of being ashamed. Poor child! but at least, Sir, I have got her good bread—bread of Chailly, instead of her black prison pittance; but the maiden would fain starve herself to leave all for her father. Ah! if it be possible, save such a gentle creature from death; you will gain more indulgences from the saints in Paradise than by babbling Paters and Aves by the day; and by so doing you would render good service to poor Jehan Dulac.'

"As he said these words, he passed his hand over weeping eyes, threw down the load from his shoulders, and arranged the wood on the square. They were before the abbey walls, at the foot of a small pile of masonry, surmounted by a large wooden cupola turning upon a pivot, in which place it was customary to expose convicts to the public gaze. Jehan Dulac made a sign to his companion, and they entered together the abbey enclosure. * * *

"In 1525 the exterior of the abbey differed little from that it wore in the last century; if some changes had taken place, and some buildings been extended, these alterations merely affected the interior. Then, as afterwards, there were strong ramparts and pinnacles, intersected at equal distances by loop-holes, towers, deep moats, originally hollowed to defend the walls from the Norman invasion; besides drawbridges at every gate; barbicans, and soldiers each with an arquebuss on his shoulder, walking upon the bastions; everything wearing the aspect of war in the midst of a holy monastery, the abode of men of peace and religion. Ludder's guide, whilst the drawbridge boards creaked under his feet, would have made various remarks on the abbey arms sculptured on two large shields of stone, and forming the key of the arch; the three golden lilies painted on an azure field, denoting the royal foundation of the convent, and the three silver besants on a black ground that were the arms of St. Germain; but Ludder, solely occupied by the misfortunes of the prisoners, did not pay any attention.

"The nearer he approached their abode, he felt his heart leap to his throat, or throb as if it would burst from his bosom. He soon arrived at the first court opposite a wooden building backing the rampart, of which the upper part served the abbey guard for barracks. The lower part was destined to receive the victims of monkish justice. It was the prison, entered by a door so low and narrow, that it was necessary to stoop in order to clear it.

"'Hold here,' said Jehan Dulac, 'this is the gaol, and Master Nicholas, my worthy comrade, will receive your honour at the gate of his lodge like a king on the frontiers of his kingdom. My office now is to turn my heels, and go and see what is become of my faggots at the foot of the blessed pillory—nevertheless, do not forget, noble sir, that I have a wife and four little children who look to me every day for their pecking; so cross my hand with the teston the old Bohemian promised me for my salary; it will comfort me and do you no damage.'

"Ludder could not gainsay this request, and taking from his sleeve an old porcupine crown, 'Take this,' said he, 'thou art a brave fellow—and if I had Paris in coin, I would satisfy thy longings with good will, for having carried comfort to thy two wretched prisoners. Adieu, good soul! may God prosper this piece of money to thee, and send happiness to us both.'

"So be it, worthy Sir; I will pray for you with all my strength, and may St. Alipandin ever guard you from my keeping.'

"Ludder did not understand these last words: but he followed the gaoler into the prison, and the heavy door shut upon him like the stone of a sepulchre. Suddenly he saw at his feet the yawning mouth of a large trap-door, and the damp cold air that issued from this open gulf struck icily on his forehead.

"'Take hold of me, master,' said the gaoler, if you would not plaster the walls with your brains. The place is black as Satan's den, and the ladder is steep. By rule and order I am forbidden to take you down with a light, so resign yourself to me and follow.' Ludder shivered—but, by the help of his hands, descended, not without horror. The most pitchy darkness surrounded him, and he did not stop till upwards of thirty feet below the level of the earth. Then the sneering and squeaking voice of the gaoler disturbed the echoes of the vault by croaking in his ear—'In truth, and by the flour of sulphur, Master Jehan Dulac is a good devil—the best curer of the king's evil, and of swelled throats that I know.'

"'How—what do you mean?' cried Ludder. 'What I say, Sir—pure truth—don't you know the song—

> For hanging and quartering;
> Impaling and slaughtering;
> For burning, bruising, and braying;
> Boiling, broiling, and flaying;
> For dislocating and tearing;
> Dismembering and shearing;
> Unrivalled our headsman stands—
> The saints keep us out of his hands.'

And the echoes of the cavern repeated anew the chilling words of the gaoler. 'Once more—of whom speak you?' exclaimed Ludder, as the gaoler, who now began to whistle, searched for the right key amongst his numerous bunch.

"'Parbleu! why of Jehan Dulac, your conductor;—yes, truly, *he* is our master executioner—is that news to you? faith, you have to learn to catch flies in milk. Well, here are the prisoners—enter, and be short.' The gaoler gave his companion a brutal push forward, and closed upon him the narrow iron door of the cell.

"When the sound had ceased, Ludder found himself alone in the middle of the prison, tortured by the reflection that he had grasped in amity the very hand destined to light the fire that would consume his benefactors!—that he had helped to carry, perhaps, the identical wood, the flame of which was to consume a father and a sister! The horrid thought was not to be borne. * * *

"However, the grinding of the bolts, and the sound of footsteps, had informed the captives that some one was in their cell. Who could it be, who visited those whom the world cast off as impure scum! Who could it be, thus come to bury himself in that black gulf, every corner of which was inhabited by death! It must be a friend, for the executioner's time was not arrived. At the same instant that Ludder advanced, stretching forth his arms towards the prisoners, he heard a plaintive cry, followed by a clinking of iron. It was Lea, the poor child of the Bohemian, striving to throw herself on the neck of her brother, forgetful of the weight of her chains. Bruised in the attempt, by rebounding against the heavy rings that fastened her to the wall, she had fallen on her pallet of straw. 'Houadi, my brother,' cried she, lifting herself up with pain, 'Houadi, my brother, do I embrace you once more!' she stretched herself to the extent of her chain, and pressed to her cheek the burning cheek of Ludder. He replied to this mournful endearment only by tears; he then seated himself on the damp bench beside her, and perceived that her naked feet were immersed in water that sprung up in the middle of the cell. If the least ray of light could then have fallen on the face of Lea, Ludder would have seen her fine but faded eyes insensibly lighting up under their black lashes, her pale and emaciated cheeks clothing themselves once more in smiles and blushes, and all her limbs, stiffened and bruised by suffering, thrilled with new life by this unhoped-for beam of happiness. One might have thought that a mother had just recovered a lost child, as she embraced him with convulsive tenderness, calling him by the fondest names afforded by her language, and pressing with her cold lips those features that the darkness would not permit her to see. After some moments of silence, only interrupted by the sobs of Lea, the old Bohemian spoke: 'You come too late, Houadi,' said he, pressing the young man's hand with earnestness; 'the sun is far from us—nor warms with his rays the hoary head of old Monghaïse. I thought that ingratitude—that virtue with the aspect of woman and the heart of stone—had glided into thy bosom like a serpent—I find that as yet it is not wholly petrified by lying and forgetfulness; for thou hast come, for the last time, to bless me with thy dear and loved discourse.'

"'For the last time! my father,' cried Ludder, pressing the old man to his heart, 'oh! do not think so—for it cannot be.'

"'Prisons and monks,' replied the Bohemian, are no more accustomed to loose their prey than jackals and leopards; there is no need to smell sulphur to find out that they prepare cauldrons and firewood—and to-morrow, Houadi, at the latest, these men of scarlet and satin will see us walk half naked to the pillory. It will be a grand sight, in sooth! great crowds and troops, gentles and lords—and I hope that Houadi will not be wanting.' Enough! enough! you stab my heart exclaimed the young man, wringing his hands—your reproaches torture me more than the executioner could. Alas! I see it all now! It is I who have killed you—my idleness and ungrateful flight brought you to this country.'

"'Thou sayest right,' replied the old man; I wished to regain the heart of my son, that nothing but folly had misled; and in place of his embraces I have found these chains. The rash hand of my son Azan has also caused my trouble; the rancorous vengeance of a young coxcomb, from whom he took a purse and hat, has thrown us into this prison, where my punishment has already commenced.' * * *

"'Evil be upon me!' cried Ludder, bathing the hands and chains of Monghaïse with tears, 'my father despises and rejects me! Evil be upon me! Have I then the mien and face of a traitor! but I swear by your death, by your venerated bones, that, if I cannot arrive in time to deliver you, I will have vengeance for this perfidy and injustice. Believe me—believe one who never forfeited his word.'

"'Well, my son, I recognize thee now—it pleases me to think that thy words are neither vain nor false: but the hour is past—I hear the gaoler approach for thee—go then, and leave us.'

"'I depart,' said Ludder, pressing the old man's hands, 'I depart to seek your pardon—the Prior will receive my petition, and grant justice.'

"'Houadi,' cried the trembling Lea, 'if we are never more to see you, will you not embrace me before quitting us for ever?' Ludder sprang towards her—their faces met, and their tears mingled.

"The gaoler entered with his light; the grating of locks and keys had sufficiently announced his presence. Muttering some gross speech, he pulled Ludder away from Lea, and the young Bohemian, as if separated at once from life, fell with her face to the ground.

"'Houadi!' called Monghaïse, with a strong voice, 'I have yet one request to make.'

"'What is it?' replied Ludder, stopping at the threshold of the door.

"'On the day of execution, place thyself at the foot of the scaffold—I would distinguish thee from amidst the crowd.'"

We have said that "Les Mauvais Garçons" must chiefly be considered as a series of episodes, intended to illustrate the costume and manners of old Paris; in fact, it is difficult to decipher anything like a connected tale. After the prison-scene, Ludder, in his efforts to effect the deliverance of his friends, has several *rencontres*, in various parts, all giving scope for vivid descriptions. He repairs to Madame Laborne, to solicit her influence on behalf of the poor Bohemians. She considers them as mere Pagans—endeavours to persuade him to let them boil in peace—avows her love; which Ludder affects to return, and then presses so hard for the exertion of her influence, that she gives him a ring to show the Prior of St. Germains. This scene is admirably wrought up: Ludder's equivocation, energy, wretchedness, momentary forgetfulness of his friends, and final flight from the Countess, are highly dramatic. The next scene opens at the place of execution; Monghaïse and Jehan Dulac converse, as if little more than usual were the matter. The former is hardy, and collected; Jehan Dulac mingles his descriptions of what they will suffer with expressions of good will—strongly reminding one of the Irish hangman, who turned off an unfortunate felon, exclaiming, "Long life to your honour!" Lea looks around only for Ludder: brought up with him as a sister, she has not loved him as a brother; she forgets the horrors of the cauldron before her, in desiring to hear from his lips the hoped-for confession, that her love is returned.

Tumults take place among the various guards, and students—the execution is hastened, and the prisoners perish. Ludder is repulsed by the archers, with whom another affray commences. "Les Mauvais Garçons" then give their formidable whistle—use their concealed arms—that which appeared in the beginning a mere squabble, becomes a general riot, and, led on by Ludder, they precipitate themselves on the pillory, where Jehan Dulac and some of the soldiery have ensconced themselves. The following is the catastrophe:—

"Arrived at the place of execution, what a spectacle offered itself to the eyes of Ludder! a heap of ashes—an overturned cauldron—two disfigured dead bodies, smoking on the smouldering wood! Ludder seized a lighted brand. 'Behold,' cried he, 'what shall do justice! behold what will avenge me! Do you see the false soldiers pressing to the sides of the executioner?—To death with them all—they shall burn like the poor Bohemians they killed.'

"'Yes,' groaned the hoarse voice of the mob, 'Death! Death!'

"'No more pillory! no more archers! no more executioners!'

"'Helas! Helas!' cried an old man, tearing his hair, and from the top of the pillory stretching forth his arms to the people, in a supplicating manner, 'Take mercy on me, my friends—is there any one of you that Jehan Dulac has injured! Have pity on a poor old man! If you kill me, who will take care of my wife and little ones?'

"'It is true Jehan Dulac is a good executioner! he never kept the condemned in misery—I have known him give alms, and say his prayers like a Christian.'—'Even so, neighbour, and I have heard that he confesses, and even communicates. The thing is true, gossip. He bought only this morning a new book of prayers

from my neighbour Master Simon Vastre, in New Notre Dame Street, at the sign, you know, of St. John the Evangelist. Ah! mercy for poor Jehan Dulac!'—'*A sac! à sac!* These *mauvais garçons*, will they give him quarter, think ye? Ah, neighbour! let us get home as fast as we can, and leave these brigands to themselves.'

"'Master Ludder!' again cried Dulac;—'good young man, is it you would put me so cruelly to death? By the soul of the old Bohemian—to whom I conducted you yesterday—mercy: will you show it me?'

"'No,' replied Ludder, in a sombre voice; 'listen: there is no more place in my heart for pity—die with the rest—and may this flame drink up every drop of your blood!'

"And he threw the brand right upon the wooden fences of the pillory, that quickly kindled into a flame, amidst the cries of the multitude. At the same moment the rubbish and fire-wood communicated the fire to the partition walls of the building. The flame and smoke clinging round the planks of oak and fir, mounted slowly towards the victims like fiery serpents. Nothing was heard but cries, and groans, and agony, responded to by the laughter and hootings of the populace. Some of the wretched victims precipitated themselves from the top of the pillory, and their brains, scattered to a distance, fell on faces that joy rendered demoniacal. Others, arguing with themselves amidst a choice of horrors, preferred to this bold suicide a death encompassed with agonies, but at least a few moments farther off. Suddenly the cries and groans ceased, and the whole building of the pillory, shivering at its base, fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of a cloud of ashes!"

Ludder's career is very varied, in order to give occasion to various scenes. He appears at a court fête, given by the Chancellor Duprat, and paid for out of the public money. Here, in robes and jewels amply described, figure Marguerite de Valois (sister of Francis I.), Clement Marot, the poet, who makes verses on the various ladies present, disguised as divinities. Rabelais is introduced, addressing the assembly in a dozen different languages. Ludder hovers about the circles in a domino, for the purpose of challenging the young Count Laborne (son of Madame de L.), in revenge for certain insults offered to Jacqueline, the real mistress of his heart. They fight—the Count falls—Ludder absconds—and, as usual to heroes who get themselves into scrapes, and are got out by others, some fellow students take measures for his safety. Prior to leaving Paris, he goes into a church at daybreak, overwhelmed with horror and fear. There he sees Jacqueline, and encounters a funeral—both suggest some very good hero and heroine-like dialogue—till, by the watchful care of their friends, hero and heroine are separated. Ludder is then made free of the Worshipful Company of Mauvais Garçons; some scenes are described, both in hostel and greenwood, strongly resembling the Alsatian ones in the "Fortunes of Nigel," except that the licence is blended with more romance. The remainder of the novel turns upon the exploits of these gentlemen: Ludder, as one of them, has, of course, a right to their services in his private affairs. We cannot speak of *the* catastrophe, for there are at least six: hangings, burnings, feastings, murderings, and marauding,—none of which end in marrying: all are told with ferocious *insouciance;* and the iniquities of the licensed soldiery and authorities nearly match the reckless cruelties of the brigand.

The most interesting portion of the whole work, is the conclusion. Jacqueline is confined in the castle of Dugny, belonging to Madame de Laborne; there Ludder goes disguised, to solicit for her safety. The Prior Guguernand—a kind of Bois Guilbert character—passionately attached to the Countess, who hates him, and fears him because he knows that she practised on her husband's life. This Prior discovers Ludder by the instinct of jealousy, and is on the point of dispatching him, when the terrible whistle is heard. The everlasting *mauvais garçons* appear—the castle is besieged, and set on fire—the Prior and the Countess are shut up in a turret, and finally agree to die—the powder-magazine is under their turret—Guguernand sets it on fire, and the whole edifice comes down in thunder, burying them and their crimes in its ruins! Ludder gives Jacqueline in charge of his supposed brother, Azan, the son of the old Bohemian. He leads her away, and, after some struggle with himself, throws her into a river. He is a finely-conceived character, ferocious in his virtues. Considering Jacqueline the cause of Ludder's desertion of his old Bohemian life, and remotely of his father's and sister's death, he conceives it a good deed to remove temptation out of his brother's way. He has no idea of constancy—he is a savage in love, yet in friendship a hero. The grief of Ludder may be conceived;—but constrained to admit that Azan has lost all for *him*, he promises to abjure France and cities, and be again a wanderer of the wilds. Jacqueline is, however, discovered to be yet alive, having been picked up near a convent—cured of love by the double ordeal of fire and water, she recovers, and takes the veil. Ludder and Azan proceed to a rendezvous on the borders of Spain, where Pizarro receives them amongst his adventurers about to sail on their well-known expedition. Whilst waiting there, he discovers, by means of an old monk, his real birth—that he was the son of Madame de Laborne, exposed in infancy, and found and nursed by Monghaïse.

"'Well then, Sir Count, since I must now call you so,' said Azan, 'you will now leave us miserable bandits for the fêtes and tournaments of the King of France?'

"Ludder made no reply, but, heaving a deep sigh, cast a glance of despair on his rude companions, who, not daring to interrupt him, remained silent at the extremity of the cabin.

"'As for me,' continued the Bohemian, 'the last of my family and my tribe—for there is no need to remind you that all the Bohemians died for you—I am going to wear out a miserable existence under another sky, without a brother to understand the language of my heart—without a friend to close my eyes. Adieu! M. le Comte, adieu!'

"And the son of Monghaïse turned aside his head, to hide two large tears that sparkled under his black eyelashes.

"'Azan! Azan, my brother!' interrupted Ludder, 'understand how I value the wealth and honours of a perverted world.'

"Saying these words, he held the letter over the lamp that lighted the cabin. The flame rose towards the frail object presented to it, and, throwing up a sudden flame, destroyed in an instant the letter of Madame de Laborne.

"'So perish from my memory,' murmured Ludder, in a sullen voice, 'all memory of this luxurious and corrupted earth, where crime and treason walk in silk and gold—where sombre hypocrisy is the sole virtue—where happiness does not exist. Man, wicked and deceitful, seems to me at this moment but an enemy. With his sword and dagger, Houadi knows how to find for himself a country, if he should find it but in the grave. Let us separate no more, my brother.'"

The foregoing is but a meagre analysis of these two small brilliant, bustling volumes. They are so totally different from French writing in general, that sometimes one might fancy them translated *out* of English, *into* which they might be rendered with great effect, though certainly with some trouble, for the language, in many parts, is of the period in which the plot is laid. But for the overwhelming interest of politics, which, as with "clouted shoon," treads down the flowers of literature, this work could not have failed of success in France. *Le Revue Encyclopédique* speaks favourably of the volumes; but, as attached to the *classique* school, it can hardly be expected to do justice to those brigands in intellectuals—the *romantiques*.

Science without a Head. London, 1830. Ridgway.

SCIENCE in all its branches has and ever will be attended by dissension and dispute; it is no more than the discovery of truth concealed by difficulties, the removal of which produces the results we have named, and often baffles the attempts of its most experienced followers. Fair discussion is essential to its growth—an interchange of opinions on matters of science among its followers, may be compared to the work of labourers in a mine. By their operations new branches are discovered, explored to their termination, and thus fresh acquisitions are made to the general stock. But, no sooner does discussion degenerate into heated dispute, than its virtue is gone. Like the mine, which, steadily preserving its original lode, heaps riches into the lap of its owner; when this is lost, it becomes comparatively of little value. There are disputes, however, which, being purely of a scientific kind, contribute to the advancement of science, by calling new advocates into the field, and exercising the resources of all. Of this nature were the disputes of the celebrated Bernoullis on the properties of Curves, and those in which the friends of Newton and Leibnitz supported the claims of their respective countrymen to the discovery of analysis, or the method of Fluxions—a dispute in which the *savans* of all Europe were divided. These were followed up by a spirited interchange of abstruse problems, and here science was benefited.

The author of "Reform in Science," or, "Science without a Head," or, "The Royal Society Dissected," or, "A Public Expostulation," for, among all these quaint titles we are at a loss to select the right, presents himself in another character. His real object appears to have been that of obtaining the election of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to the vacant chair of the Royal Society; another was to lay before his readers the necessity that exists for reform in the Council of that Society,—for the Society is represented by its President and Council. Few there are who do not consider such a measure necessary; but, as might be supposed, the opinions on the method of effecting so momentous a step are much at variance with each other. The author asserts, that it may be done without a renewal of the charter. This must depend on the extent to which it is carried; and if it is to reach that which he proposes, we anticipate, on good authority, that he will be mistaken.

Our limits prevent us from going along with him so minutely as we could wish, but we must touch on a few principal points. Amongst

several wrong statements, and errors in names, his book contains some useful information, and ingenious suggestions. Setting aside his uncourteous behaviour towards the "Quarterly Review," we cannot but agree with that "superannuated good old dame," (for so he is pleased to designate that work), as well as Mr. Babbage, that science has not met with that reward in England which it has on the Continent. We will not recur to a long list of names, but take him on the terms of his own admission. What are the "gew-gaw distinctions" accompanied with salaries, that foreigners have received from their respective sovereigns, but rewards for their labours in science? Whether they be ill or well bestowed, the desire to promote science is not only evinced, but practised. And it is but fair to infer that its followers have found a merited reward. As to the rewarding of chronometer-makers in this country, that time has long since gone by, and the system pursued of late years cannot be considered as any other than that best calculated to secure for the use of His Majesty's Navy the best work which the country can produce. The valuable inventions of Arnold, Earnshaw, and others, have not been followed up by any further discoveries to call for reward.

It is somewhat cheering to find that Mr. Babbage is wrong in his assertion that science is on the decline amongst us. Assuredly we do not live in the midst of a war of abstruse problems, and we are quite willing to believe that "we have more jobbers in science than ever existed before." We shall be glad to find that our anonymous author is not among this unworthy number, by his future labours to advance it. It would involve us in too much detail to go into the question of the system of education pursued at our Universities, or the improvement of the Nautical Almanac by the Astronomical Society. Certain it is that the former has existed from the time of Newton, and we hope to learn that science enough has been found in the latter to effect the important object entrusted to its care.

We now come to the separation of members from the Royal Society, for the purpose of forming the various "Subordinate Societies" which are in existence: for, like a badly governed state, its rebellious subjects have emigrated, and collected themselves into separate groups, each around a leader, where every one could follow his favourite subject with assiduity, and free from interruption. As the various sciences which are patronized by these societies, advanced with the course of time, it was natural to expect this, unless arrangements had previously been made to facilitate their particular cultivation. This was not done; and our readers need not be referred to the published memoirs of *some* of the societies, for proof that those sciences have not suffered by the change.

But let us hasten to the *real* subject before us, which is, "the present *real* state of the Royal Society of London for improving natural knowledge;" and it is here, as the author ventures to claim some credit for originality, we are quite willing to award it to him. In many points (at p. 31,) he has correctly accounted for the present pitiable condition of the Royal Society. Internal dissensions, partialities, and absurdities, have had their full share in the work; but, have not these been pointed out by its *real* friends, and been unheeded by its professed supporters? and it would have been but honest in him to have alluded to this in the notice he has taken, both of Mr. Babbage's book, and Sir James South's charges. Although he may be wrong in some points, he has certainly placed before us a fair statement of the construction of the Royal Society, and cleared away the mist through which we thought we saw much of what he has now clearly set before us. And here, if we are to believe our author, we come to no trifling source of the numerous evils which have been exposed. It is simply that of determining the fate of scientific communications to the society, by a Council not competent to decide on their merits; and it is remarkable that such a system should have so long existed. Why was it not remedied, after the proofs it had given of its inefficiency in the refusal of papers communicating the various important discoveries in astronomy? But we know that the case is not so bad as it is made to appear. That opinions of papers sent to the society have been obtained out of doors by members of the council, who have acknowledged themselves unable to decide on them, and that on their fate being put to the ballot, other members of the council have refused to give an "aye" or "nay," because they could not conscientiously do either. We must pass over this,—the subject of the award of medals—of the delivery of the lectures—and the expenses of the society,—and say a word or two on the reform proposed by the author.

As to the benefit which would be derived by the society, from its president being a prince or a philosopher, that must now be decided by the course of time. But we are of opinion, that if reform takes place in the Council to the extent it ought, and that neither favour nor partiality be allowed to influence the course of justice in its future proceedings, that dissension will disappear, and the former character of the society be restored. The present system of admission to the society, and the large list of its members, are naturally subjects of complaint; and the author has shown us very clearly how the honour of the initials F.R.S. has been abused. Was not this pointed out long ago? Does not Mr. Babbage tell us of a certain committee that was formed, for the express purpose of correcting the evils which had grown up—of its report—its warning voice—and how that report, and warning were treated? And was it not recommended by this committee, that the number of the Fellows of the Royal Society should be limited to 300; and, in order to reduce it to this number, that a list of candidates should be kept, and that one for every five deaths that occurred should be elected? Means were employed to render the labours of this committee of no avail, by a proposal of adjournment at the time for their consideration, which was erroneously held to be imperative; and the members of it, disgusted at finding their efforts useless, for the most part refused to take office in the society. Had their advice been attended to, all the pains and trouble of the several writers on this subject would have been spared, and the honour of the society not have sunk to its present low ebb.

It seems to be generally allowed, that the number of members belonging to the Royal Society is too great. Now, in our humble opinion, nothing could have been better judged, than the plan of this committee, for reducing that number. The admission of one member, for every five that died, selected from a list of candidates, not according to *long standing*, but by the claim of MERIT established by their scientific attainment, would interfere with no one already a member of the society; and whilst it secured the admission only of those worthy of the honour, would not only reduce the number, but tend to enhance the dignity which ought to belong to the title of F.R.S. But this is not the only good effect by which it would be attended. The list of the members is now made alphabetically, and a chronological list would hereafter show the names of those members who had been admitted by the new law, and who we might be certain, were really *worthy* of the honour conferred on them. This would require a new charter, but the wholesome effect such a law would produce is evident.

The reform proposed by the author in the treatment of communications by a committee of the best informed of its members on the subjects proposed, similar to the method adopted by the Institute of France, is decidedly good; and, as he says, an author would feel himself safe in their hands, by knowing that his discovery, whatever it might be, was submitted to men competent to decide on its merits. The picture drawn in p. 81 and 82, on the present mode of reading papers communicated to the society, is no less ludicrous than true, as must be known to most of its members. And thus the sapient body of F.R.S.s, who it would be natural to suppose are listening to a recital of the discoveries of one of their companions at their only public meetings, *tacitly*, or *sonorously*, proclaim the justness of their fallen name. An active discussion by competent persons on the subject of the papers selected for reading at these meetings might have the effect of removing this evil, where temperance and research were combined. It has been already adopted with success by the Geological Society; but a great part of the papers read at the meetings of the Royal Society, from their nature, would not admit of this. But those subjects that admitted of it, if the subject itself did not possess sufficient merit, the spirited debate which might arise on it would perhaps *awaken* and keep alive the interest of the listeners.

We must now lay aside "the expostulation." Science is not now without a head: nor without one which can not only carry reform into its sanctuary, but nourish and protect its growth. That in so unequal a contest for the honour of representing it in England, Mr. Herschel has been defeated, can be no loss to him. On the contrary, under all circumstances, when we see him reluctantly come forward in compliance with the wishes of some of the first talent in the country, in opposition to royalty itself, and look at the small majority which has decided against him, we rather think he will feel equally honoured, as if he had been successful. But it was not the Duke of Sussex that was opposed: His Royal Highness is well known as the real patron of art, and the tried friend of all benevolent institutions, and will no doubt, not only do much good in the society's council, but regain for it its ancient honour. But as science was "without a head," its real friends seemed apprehensive that the deficiency might be made up by a long tortuous tail of courtiers.

The Humourist. By W. H. Harrison. London, 1831. Ackermann.

WE have been so courteous to all the Annuals, that we deferred the notice of this, until our opinion had been justified by the judgment of others. There is a broad rich vein of humour in some few of Rowlandson's designs, but as a whole, the plates are very poor, and the letter-press is bad past all endurance. We fear Mr. Harrison will find himself in what he calls "the most awkward of all nautical dilemmas, namely, without a *sale*." If we say no more, it is in kindness.

The New Comic Annual. London, 1831. Hurst Chance & Co.

We should rejoice if we had no worse to say of the New Comic—but, as in truth, we are not lawyers, we find ourselves in a very delicate position between truth and the law of libel. Not long since we read an announcement at one of the minors, that Mr. and Miss Kemble were engaged for a few nights, to play *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and we have no doubt it was true—true to the letter—but it seemed to us false in spirit and intention, and put forward specially to deceive. Silly people might have called this a fraud, but we know there are fine and delicate distinctions both in language and morals; and by some

philologists or philosophers it might be called honest. We therefore offered no opinion, and shall not on the present occasion, but state a few facts, and leave the reader to his own choice of words to characterize the proceeding. It is known at least to some ten thousand purchasers of the "Comic Annual" for 1830, that it was wholly written, and the designs were wholly sketched by Mr. Hood; it is known, indeed, to every one that has ever opened the volume, for there is no other man could have produced any work at all resembling it—this work was published by Hurst & Cha..ce. Now, Hurst & Chance are said to be highly respectable booksellers, and therefore we only regret they are not a little more particular in the wording of their advertisements, for certainly the following, which has gone its round of the papers, might have deceived some innocent people into a purchase:—

THE NEW COMIC ANNUAL.

Published by Hurst, Chance & Co., of whom may be had HOOD'S "WHIMS AND ODDITIES," 2nd edit.

Innocent people *might* have supposed that this volume was called the New Comic Annual, to distinguish it from the "Comic Annual" of last year; and, from the juxtaposition of "Comic Annual" and Hood's "Whims and Oddities," both published by Hurst & Chance, *might* suppose that it was "Hood's Comic Annual." No such thing. Mr. Hood, early in the year, had, we believe, some little difference with Messrs. Hurst & Chance, and determined that his next volume should come out under the nursing care of Mr. Tilt, of Fleet Street. This advertisement, and names, and juxtaposition, are all mere accidents—curious coincidences; but so it is; and, under circumstances, we decline opening the volume, lest we should be laughed at after all, for going to see Mr. and Miss Kemble in *Romeo* and *Juliet* at one of the Minors.

A History of the Revolutions in France. 2 vols. Vol. I., *the Affairs of France from* 1787 *to* 1802. By John Bell, Esq. London. Westley.

THIS is a well-timed work, and will, we have no doubt, be a successful one. No man can judge of the late revolution in France, either in its causes or consequences, without a general knowledge of the preceding revolution, and the progress of public opinion that has been consequent upon it. Mr. Bell's work affects to be nothing but a well condensed narrative—but such a narrative must have great interest, and especially at the present moment.

A Synopsis of Roman Antiquities, or, a Comprehensive Account of the City, Religion, Politics, and Customs of the Ancient Romans; with a Catechetical Appendix. By John Langtree. 2d Edit. Dublin, 1830. Curry & Co.

A work of this sort was much wanted. Adam's volume is too large and learned for a school-book; and the present abridgment seems well and carefully done.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS, AND THE MAN OF SORROW.

OUR able contemporary, *The Scots Times*, has just discovered that the story of 'Merton,' forming six hundred out of the thousand pages of "Sayings and Doings," published by Colburn six years ago, was originally printed and published in 1808 under the title of "The Man of Sorrow," by Alfred Allendale. The names, it appears, are changed, as in the instance of "Separation"—but the works are said to be essentially the same; and we are perfectly willing to take our friend's word that they are so. He thus continues: "We shall see whether Mr. Jerdan finds himself at liberty to detect the impostor here, but betwixt him and his enterprizing rival of The Athenæum, we do hope that a just exposure will be made of Mr. Alfred Allendale." Now, so far as The Athenæum is concerned, we refer our friend to what we said on "Separation" and "Self-Indulgence":—

"So far as *the public* are concerned, the facts amount to this—twenty years ago, the authoress of "Separation" wrote a novel, which did not succeed. With a very natural partiality for her early literary offspring, she was of opinion that there was the germ of good in it, and did what *has been done a hundred times before*, re-wrote it—brushed up the old characters—introduced new ones—threw narrative into dialogue—polished the language—and produced a work more worthy, she thought, of her present fame, and likely to succeed with the public. This might have been stated in the preface—it was not; the same thing has been done often enough, and without such acknowledgment. But, seriously, how does it concern *the public*? The question with us was, and is—what is the result?—is the book good or bad?"

What then does this new discovery amount to, but evidence of the truth of what we then stated? and if it were necessary, we could heretofore have proved it by a chronological list, from the publication of Hume's Essays to the present moment. The real fraud on *the public*, for whom only we are interested, in the case of "Separation," was in the preliminary puff inserted in Colburn's own Magazine, the New Monthly, and extracted into the daily papers and circulated by paid paragraphs all over the kingdom, "announcing that the peculiar interest imparted to "Separation," is to be traced to a "certain case" in the "great world" which took place *a few* years ago, and which was more industriously than successfully "attempted to be concealed." This vile, vicious pandering to the worst passions of weak people, by paragraphs thus *proved* to be false, was the real offence. Of course we maintain our judgment: our contemporary may differ from us, but if he will refer to our paper of the 30th of October, he will perceive that we are consistent. We are however as curious as others to see the indignant editor of the *Literary Gazette* tomahawk Mr. Theodore Hook; he brandished his puny weapon very valorously in the face of the authoress of "Separation:" he then stigmatized the thing in good round-set phrase—called it "a prostitution of name, rank, and character," "a roguery"—though the work had been published anonymously, he dragged the authoress by name and title before the public. Now, we will venture an opinion, and this day's paper will testify against us if we err: either the subject is not touched upon in the *Literary Gazette*, or is hinted at and deferred—certainly that if hinted at, we shall have no offender more intelligibly named than the "author of Sayings and Doings," or "Mr. Allendale."

We are anxious too, to see how he will characterize the pretty little manœuvring—*the changing the title of 'Donna Aminta de Bruxeda,' and republishing it as an original article, in the Literary Gazette itself*—mentioned by Mr. Watts in his letter in this day's paper, to which we refer our readers.

PAMPHLETEER

The Result of the Change of Administration; or, What the New Ministry has to look to. Longman & Co.

THE title of this pamphlet is somewhat deceptive. We do not learn from it what have been, orwhat are likely to be, the results of the late change in the administration; but we are favoured with an enumeration of some of the more important topics that are likely to be brought before Parliament during the Session, and with the author's opinions on the important tendency of each of these measures.

The author lays it down, that the Duke of Wellington's administration was not overthrown by the pamphlet entitled, "The result of the General Election." We are not disposed to dissent from this statement, but the "real causes," as unfolded here, of the military premier's overthrow, are more likely to create difference of opinion. "The late administration owed its fall to an impression generally prevalent, that those who composed it were not sufficiently sensible of the prevailing distress—increased by the declaration of its chief on the first day of the session; and because, in the first measure which they brought forward in the new parliament, *they did not have* (!) due regard to the rise which has taken place in the value of money. This fact, and its operation, may be succinctly stated thus: With the exception of gold and silver (the supply of which was diminished by the destruction of the American mines in 1810), the annual supply of all commodities has increased prodigiously, while the annual supply of gold and silver has decreased greatly."

As the "fact" here specified—a rise in the value of gold and silver of late years—is repeatedly assumed by the author of this pamphlet, we may take the opportunity of stating, that he is in error on the subject; and that, though the American mines have been for some time comparatively unproductive, the annual influx into Europe of the precious metals has never been lessened. The sources whence our supplies have been derived, are very clearly indicated in Mr. Tooke's valuable work on High and Low Prices; and there too, it is shown that the deficiency in the produce of the mines has had not the slightest influence on the "value" of the mass of gold and silver in circulation. The error or misstatement of our author on this point, is borrowed, we suspect, from a recent number of the Quarterly Review.

After some observations on the Civil List and the Regency bill, which, by the way, the author deems unnecessary, he proceeds to consider the question of the Corn Laws. He enlarges with very considerable power and effect on the impolicy of these enactments, as well as of the Poor Laws, administered as they at present are. He then proceeds to urge a variety of reasons why the Bank Charter and the East India Charter should not be renewed, and why Parliamentary Reform should be conceded without delay. The arguments on these points, we believe, to be sound—but as they are not, in any respect, new, we need not furnish an abstract of them.

We do not know who the author is; but were we to hazard a conjecture on the subject, we should—from the circumstances of his anxiety to have it conceded, that gold and silver are more valuable now than before the depreciation of our currency, consequent on the excessive issues of inconvertible paper—set him down as a country banker.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONNET.

WHEN kindred sensibilities gaze o'er
The silent features of each other's face,
'Till they can trust expression's bound no more,
But turn away, methinks 'tis sweet to trace
The inward feeling struggling to efface
What's writ on tearful eye and redden'd cheek;—
Blush after blush to paleness giving place;
And then the broken, deep-drawn sighs, that speak
The pleasure-sadness that's within—such meek,
Warm, vermeil flush...gs of thy heav'n-lit soul
I've gazed upon, 'till I have gazed too much,
And rashly loosed my heart from its control;
But yet, though vain, my magic soul is such,
'T will only yield to Death's dissolving touch!

W.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—As you do not belong to the Literary Gazette coterie of critics, you will perhaps afford me an opportunity of exposing the system adopted by that publication towards those who neglect to pay the requisite degree of homage to the presiding genius of its columns.

A few weeks ago the Editor of the Gazette imputed to Mrs. Watts, or the contributors to her "New Year's Gift," "something like the curious manœuvring of the author of 'Separation,' dishonesty to her publishers," &c., on the ground that two little poems, published in her work for the ensuing year, had *first* appeared in other Annuals; and that one of her engravings had been copied from the American "Token." My present object is less to complain of the invidious spirit in which these imputations were hazarded, than to deprecate the misrepresentation of the following letter, addressed to him in reply:

Dear Sir, — In the notice of the "New Year's Gift," which appeared in the Literary Gazette of last Saturday, a charge is preferred against either the editor or her contributors, of "dishonest manœuvring," on the alleged ground that two papers published in that work *first* appeared in other Annuals. In reply to this charge, I beg to state, that the "Godmamma's Letter" was sent by Miss Jewsbury to my own child more than twelve months ago. Its *simultaneous* (not *first*) appearance in the "Juvenile Forget Me Not," must have been the result of mistake or inadvertence—certainly not of "*dishonest manœuvring*." With respect to Mrs. Howitt's poem of "Olden Time," it is not true that it has appeared in the "Christmas Box" or any other work. The 'Soldier's Widow' was not copied from an American Annual, but from a well known foreign print by Scheffer.

It seems rather singular, that the "*critical necessity*" which obliged the writer of the notice of the "New Year's Gift" to remark with so much asperity on the want of originality of *one* plate among *nine*, did not also induce him (or her) to make the same observation, when reviewing another juvenile work, in which *three* plates out of *twelve* appear for a second time!

I have looked into the later numbers of the Literary Gazette, but I see no notice of my plates, save of the unfortunate one above alluded to.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours, truly,
Z. M. Watts.

The writer of this letter might also have referred to the "Amulet," (noticed in the same paper with the "New Year's Gift,") which, although it contains *three* engravings published for the second time, did not bring down any critical indignation upon the head of its worthy editor. The following is the candid notice elicited from the Literary Gazette by Mrs. Watts's remarks:

In answer to Mrs. Watts, we have only to say, that *we are not guilty of the mistakes she charges us with having committed*. The print and poem of the "Soldier's Widow," published in this year's "New Year's Gift," did both appear in the "Token" (Goodrich, Boston, U.S.) for 1828. * * With regard to the "Godmamma's Letter," except a slight alteration in epithets, which seem to imply revision, it is identically the same in page 28 of the "Juvenile Forget Me Not," and page 142 of the "New Year's Gift." It is not easy to bear in mind precisely the multitude of small pieces which appear in such publications.—We have no object but to preserve the public from repetitions as novelties; and *may have been mistaken*, as Mrs. Howitt assures us we are, in supposing we had previously read her "Olden Time."

Those who will compare this rejoinder with the letter extracted above, may form a pretty correct notion of the critic's impartiality. It is worthy of observation, that, amid the multitude of periodical publications which have noticed the "New Year's Gift," the Literary Gazette stands alone in its attempt to depreciate the book and insult the editor!

The review of the "Talisman" in the Gazette of Saturday last, is characterized by the same spirit of malevolence. It is not true that its contents, or even one-fourth of its contents, are derived from "popular magazines, the Literary Gazette, and a volume or so of favourite authors;" although the work is avowedly a compilation, no more obnoxious to fair criticism, than hundreds of volumes of a similar class which have been lauded in the Literary Gazette. To show how much more honest Mrs. Watts has been than her critic, it is fair to mention, that the beautiful story of "Donna Aminta de Buxéda," referred, in the "Talisman," to the obscure volume in which it originally appeared in 1809, was published in the Literary Gazette as an *original article*; although it occupied from ten to a dozen columns of that journal. It is true, that to avoid detection, *the title was changed*, but this was the only alteration. But to say nothing of numerous unavowed reprints of the same description, the editor of the Literary Gazette, the "Juvenile Library," and the "National Portrait Gallery," should pause before he accuses ladies* of "literary piracy," "wretched robbery," and "subsisting on the labours of others;" for there is no one, possessing the feelings and courtesy of a gentleman, but must revolt at such charges, especially when they are known to be as false in fact, as the language in which they are conveyed is coarse and insulting.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
Alaric A. Watts.

BAD NEWS FROM KENT.

Says Colburn to Tegg,
In subscribing last Gleig,
"These nightly stack-burnings my Subaltern rouse."
Standing by, whispers Hook,
"'T would have bettered your book,
"If instead of the stacks, they had burned the Stackhouse."†

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* Vide the notice of Miss Mitford's "Stories of American Life," and that of the "Talisman" in the last Gazette. A proper estimate of the motives of the Editor of the Literary Gazette can scarcely be formed, without a reference to the Prefaces of these publications. The following extract, from a series of similar acknowledgments in the preface to the Talisman, is a sufficient answer to the charge of *injustice* to the author:—

"In avowing her obligations to the 'Indicator,' by Mr. Leigh Hunt, the editor cannot but express her regret that this very delightful series of papers is not reprinted in a form calculated to ensure the popularity due to its intrinsic merits. A similar remark will apply, with scarcely less truth, to many of the interesting sketches of society which lie buried in the Album." This is what the critic calls *injustice* to authors.

† Mr. Gleig's parish in Kent has been the principal scene of the late stack-burnings: the literary work alluded to, is a recent 12mo. History of the Bible, in which considerable use has been made of the ponderous folio of Dr. Stackhouse on that subject.

ST. LAWRENCE SURVEY.

It is not generally known, that the magnetic variation in the River St. Lawrence is very erroneously stated in our charts. This circumstance, added to the great inaccuracy of the charts themselves, and the severity of the climate, has been the cause of the numerous shipwrecks which have occurred there. That the variation is wrongly given, may be easily accounted for, by having been handed down from the original observations of Major Holland about 60 years ago; faithfully preserved by his follower Des Barres; and as rigorously maintained by modern chart-makers. Unfortunately, as Columbus first found out, magnetic variation, as its name implies, is of a fickle nature, and quietly follows its own secret and mysterious laws. Since Major Holland's survey, it has undergone a change of about half a point, and at Quebec is now 13½°, at Bic Island 17½°, at Cape Chat 21°, at the Bay of Seven Islands 23½°, and at the west point of Anticosti 24° westerly. The sudden and rapid change in it also between Quebec and Anticosti, in a distance of 350 miles, is another source of mischief to our traders, who, heedless of its importance, are mostly unacquainted with its extent. When overtaken by bad weather and they lose sight of the land, a wrong course is in consequence adopted, which proves fatal to their ships. There is no chart of the River St. Lawrence that can be of real service to its navigation, and in consequence, the annual loss of property is great, and not unfrequently that of lives also. To remedy this evil, which was daily gaining importance, Commander W. H. Bayfield, R.N. was directed by his present Majesty, when Lord High Admiral, to make a careful survey of this river, which should answer all the purposes of navigation throughout its extensive reefs and channels. This survey has since then been proceeding, and a plan of the harbour of Quebec made by Commander Bayfield has been published. His charts of the river are looked for with much anxiety by the provincial government of Quebec, who are only waiting for their appearance to pass a law for regulating the examination of pilots for the river, touching their necessary qualification. The erection of three new lighthouses in different parts of the river has been already ordered, at the suggestion of Commander Bayfield, which will materially contribute to the safety of its navigation.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A meeting took place on Tuesday, according to the charter, for the election of President. The rooms were excessively crowded. Mr. Davies Gilbert took the chair at eleven, and delivered the annual address. He then read the order for the election of officers. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was elected President.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, November 23.—Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair.—Mr. Humphrey Gibbs, the Secretary, announced the receipt of many donations since the last meeting.

Letters were read from Dr. Nees von Essenbeck, and Professor Jacquin, expressive of the high estimation in which they held the society, and the interest they took in its prosperity: also from David Lockheart, Esq., of St. Ann's, containing observations on a species of pepper, a strong sialogogue, and on the emetic and cathartic properties of the bark of the Cautaria Speciosa. From Dr. W. Hamilton, of Plymouth, stating, upon the authority of Mr. Macfadyn, an able botanist and practitioner in Jamaica, that it was probable that the milky juice of the Calotropes Gigantia, diluted with mucilage,

would prove an useful application in cases of chronic ophthalmia; that Mr. Macfadyn had employed it beneficially in ulceration of the palate and fauces, and recommends its trial in cases of aphthæ in children. Some interesting particulars relative to the use of the leaves of the walnut-tree, for rapidly dispersing the milk, when weaning infants, was communicated from P. J. Brown, Esq.

Dr. Sigmond, the foreign Secretary, read a communication from W. Boyer, Esq., and a paper descriptive of the plants from which the seeds presented by Sir James M'Grigor were gathered.

Notice was given, that the Professor of Chemistry would at the next, or the following meeting, give a detailed account of the mode in which Salicine is procured from the bark of the Salix Helix, Populus Tremula, &c.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THERE was a remarkably full attendance this evening, it having been announced that Cholera would be the subject of debate.

The ravages this disease has lately made in Russia, renders the question highly interesting, not only to the medical profession, but to the public generally. Dr. Stewart read a paper on the disease. The debate was animated, but we regret to report that no new or important fact was elicited, or any valuable practical information offered. Repeated references were made to the theories of the most popular writers on the complaint,—and especially to the Madras and Bengal medical reports: the discrepancy in their opinions and modes of treatment were much lamented. The complaint was generally thought, by those who joined in the discussion, to be endemic, and not contagious; the inhalation of marsh miasm, or other malaria, was considered the immediate cause of the disease. There is still a wide field for investigation, and we trust sincerely, that long before England be visited with this pestilence, some more powerful agent to arrest its progress will be discovered, than the faculty are at present in possession of.

Dr. Sigmond, next Saturday, will read a paper on the Pathology of Fever.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Wednesday last, we had again the pleasure of attending the monthly meeting of this most interesting society, at the Freemason's Tavern. The works of art exhibited were neither less numerous or valuable than at former meetings. Amongst those which charmed us most, were Mr. Knight's picture of a Village Ale-house interior "Auld Lang Syne," for, both in colouring and composition, it merits the greatest praise. Many thanks we would give to Mr. Frederick Nash, who favoured the meeting by a sight of his labours during a recent tour in France—those from Tours, Angers, and Nantes, were delightful. Mr. J. W. Wright exhibited a clever drawing in water-colours, of a scene from the Bride of Lammermoor: it was ably composed, and the subject told equally well—we have seldom seen a drawing in water-colours more to our taste. From Witherington, the New Associate Academician, a village scene with pastoral figures. Here again we had the pleasure of seeing Bonington's picture of the "Italian Ambassador's Interview with Henry III. of France," the royal zoologist being seated in his study surrounded by parrots and monkeys.

Mr. Alfred Clint brought a volume of his clever studies from nature. We were much struck with two heads in ivory of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, by, as we understood, a journeyman carver of umbrella-handles—but executed with a skill and resemblance truly wonderful. We could not but think what such skill, if properly directed and patronized, might produce. Mr. Behnes Burlowe's bust of Sir W. Ouseley, by Dr. Styles, had many admirers; nor less Roubiliac's *terra cotta* of Old Jonathan Tyers of Vauxhall memory. Let us also make honourable mention of Mr. Scipio Clint's medallion in wax of the late President of the Royal Academy—but if we were to mention all that delighted us, we should far exceed the limits we can allow.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
WEDNESD.	Society of Arts	½ past 7, P.M.
THURSDAY,	Royal Society	½ past 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Astronomical Society	Eight, P.M.
SATURDAY,	Westminster Medical Soc.	Eight, P.M.

KING'S COLLEGE.

AMONGST other valuable donations, which have been made to King's College, we learn, that Sir Henry Halford has just presented an excellent cabinet of Materia Medica, which he had collected for his own private use.

One of the most recent appointments made by the council, is that of James Rennie, Esq., A.M., (the popular author of "Insect Architecture," "Insect Transformations," &c.) to the chair of Natural History. We have also heard, that the gentleman selected for the responsible situation of head master of the school attached to that establishment, is a divine, well known to the learned world by his classical taste and literary acquirements.

FINE ARTS

The English School; a Series of the most approved Productions in Painting and Sculpture, executed by British Artists. (Engraved in outline upon steel.) Nos. 2 to 6. London. Tilt.

OF the first two numbers of this work we spoke in terms of high eulogy: we see no reason to retract our opinion. In the present numbers the best is that from Nollekens' 'Monument of Mrs. Howard,' at Corby Church. It is really one of the most faithful representations we have lately seen. Those who have admired the monument itself will be struck with this. Stothard's 'Pilgrimage to Canterbury' is another proof of the extreme care displayed in these outlines. The expression of the faces—some of them not larger in size than the head of a pin—is wonderfully preserved. All is clear—there is no confusion. It is a most faithful transcript—in a miraculously small compass—of an admirable work. 'The drowned Fisherman,' from Westall, is also worth spending some minutes over. The original is pathetic and most true to nature, and this reduced copy has preserved the spirit of the scene. Burnett's 'John Anderson my Jo' is cleverly done, with the exception of a little deprivation of that all-engrossing happiness of aspect which the original has given the old man. The child's face is most life-like. The 'Tam O'Shanter' of Cooper is very spirited. Indeed, all the plates are uncommonly well executed. There can be little doubt of the success of the work, for it combines elegance with cheapness: expensive articles are not always the best.

Juliet. Painted by Miss Fanny Corbaux. Engraved by W. Say. London, Ackermann.

"What, if this mixture do no work at all,
Must I, perforce, be married to the Count?
No, no! this shall forbid it."
(*Laying down a dagger.*)

THE above lines will spare us a world of description. Juliet is represented lying on a couch, gazing on the fatal phial in one hand, while the other grasps the dagger. The face and bust are well drawn, and the attitude is easy, but the length of the figure is beyond the delicate proportion of female beauty. This may be the fault of the arrangement of the drapery, which is inelegantly or awkwardly managed. The main point, however,—the expression of the face, seems to have been happily hit off. There is that mournful earnestness which we fancy as part and parcel of her countenance at such a moment. There is a natural expression in the fixed look, that pleases us. The plate is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.

We are well pleased to know, that under the patronage of Her Majesty, and at the request of the President and Members of the Royal Academy, we may shortly hope for the publication of fac-simile engravings of the "Acts of Mercy" by the late Mr. Flaxman. The publication was suggested by Sir Thos. Lawrence, who offered to superintend the work,—an office now undertaken by Mr. Howard. These designs were made immediately after Mr. Flaxman's return from Italy, and have been considered by competent judges as among his finest works.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

ON Monday Miss Huddart appeared as *Lady Constance*. We should be glad to be justified in amending our verdict of last week, so as to give this lady hopes of permanently retaining the line of characters with which she has commenced; but we do not feel so. Her physical defect of speech is unfortunately sufficient to counterbalance more talent than she possesses, at least than she *appears* to possess; unless, therefore, something can be done to counteract that, so that she may be able to do justice to *herself*, she must not wonder if what she may consider justice (and perhaps with reason) be not done to her by others.

Mr. Wallack's *Faulconbridge* is clever, but *he* too labours, in *this* part, under a physical defect, or rather deficiency, which prevents his performance of it from ranking as, in truth, it deserves. *Faulconbridge must* be six feet high, we cannot bate him an inch. If he do not *look* as large as he talks, he necessarily fails to obtain the confidence of the audience, and becomes a mere swaggerer, who may or may not be able to make good his somewhat indiscriminate threats. We know that the personal descriptions given of their characters by dramatic writers, cannot *always* be realized upon the stage, (would they could!)—and we are consequently prepared to allow such a thing to pass as a tolerably good-looking young lady being called perfectly beautiful; but we cannot, by any stretch of imagination, magnify a middling-sized man into such a one as might justify *Robert Faulconbridge*, in calling him "this same lusty gentleman," or Queen Elinor's inquiry—

"Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?"

There are many beauties in Mr. Macready's *King John*, and many defects. We are sure he *could* increase the number of the former and diminish that of the latter, and we wish he would. His general conception of the character appears to us good; but the vehement rapidity of utterance in which he now, more frequently than ever, indulges, must really be checked, or he will seriously injure his well-earned reputation. We are inclined to suspect that he acquired this newly-invented speed between the Liverpool and Manchester theatres, for some of his high pressure passages almost deprive one of breath. Commencing to wind up a speech with a strong key-note, he proceeds with increasing quickness and accumulating force until he seems to break his main spring, and, from that moment, *whiz* go his words until their whole

chain is run out. There can be no doubt that the eager anxiety of *John* in the speech beginning "Doth Arthur live? oh, haste thee to the Peers," calls for a more than ordinary quickness of delivery; but, if Shakspeare had intended it not to be heard, instead of throwing the beautiful language he has bestowed on it to waste, we would have merely put a stage direction, such as, *here King John utters some incoherent sounds, and rushes off the stage.*

COVENT-GARDEN.

COMEDY—a laughable dramatic piece.—*Johnson.*
FARCE—a ludicrous dramatic representation.—*Ibid.*

ON Tuesday evening that *rara avis*, a new comedy, in five acts, called "The Chancery Suit," was produced at this house. It is written by Mr. Peake, and we feel pleasure in congratulating him on its complete and well-merited success. To recall to a right conception of the subject such of our readers as may chance to have had their understandings led astray by the ultra-theatrical learning displayed by some of the daily paper critics, we have prefixed to our notice the above definitions of *Johnson*, from which it will be seen that, in fact, comedy is farce, and farce comedy. Custom, it is true, has ascribed something like limits to each, but, as the territory of imagination, though boundless itself, can still afford no *neutral* ground, the same line of demarcation must at once serve for both, and be transgressed occasionally by both. Actors of many years standing, and authors of many years sitting, are frequently at a loss to determine under which denomination a piece ought properly to come, yet your would-be critic of six months' snarling can settle it for you in a moment. "Call this a comedy, indeed? bah! it's a five act farce." This is all he has to scribble, and the affair is, as *he* thinks, decided. We, who do not pretend to lay down any precise rules on a point of no small difficulty, must beg our readers to see "The Chancery Suit," and judge for themselves—assuring them, as we safely may, that if, after having done so, they should still be doubtful as to which class it properly belongs, they will, at least, have been more than repaid for the little trouble and expense they may have been put to. As a general rule, perhaps they know, as well as we do, that comedy is usually *longer*, and farce *broader*. After all they are something like *Jack* and *Pike*, it is puzzling to say where one ends or the other begins. The production of a new five-act comedy is really quite a theatrical event. We recollect no such thing, at either house, for some years, if we except a protracted exhibition of dull heartlessness and unrelieved profligacy called the "Follies of Fashion," brought out and *forced* for a few nights at Drury Lane last season; but Mr. Peake's, we are happy to say, is no such *thing* as that was. The plot of "The Chancery Suit," is simple enough, but simplicity when accompanied, as in this case, by sufficient interest, is, to our thinking, preferable to complication. The Court of Chancery, owing to the enormous expenses of its processes, is, in real life, too frequently an effectual instrument in the hands of a rich usurper, for the legal spoliation of a poor but rightful heir. This circumstance seems to have been the origin of the author's plot, but the stage termination is very different from that which we usually observe off it. It would indeed be well if real Chancery suits could be gone through and equitably concluded in three hours. A certain proud but roguish baronet has instituted a suit to obtain possession of some large estates, he being the heir-at-law, provided he can establish the illegitimacy of a young lady, daughter of the late owner, and heroine of the piece; this he appears, at first, likely to effect, principally by means of a document which declares her to be illegitimate, and which purports to bear the signature of her deceased father. A kind-hearted family of inferior rank in the neighbourhood have long received and protected her; and, partly by their persevering support, partly by the assistance of the baronet's own son, between whom and herself a mutual attachmant has secretly subsisted, but chiefly, through the instrumentality of a Chancery barrister, a long-lost brother of the friend under whose roof she lives, who comes after a disappearance of thirty years to seek his family, and whom chance has armed with proof that the document is forged, she escapes all the various snares laid for her, the plans of the baronet are defeated, and all those who deserve it made happy. This rough outline is all we give; if we were to detail the play scene by scene, "as many of our" critics "do," we might prevent the curiosity we wish to excite. Before we speak of the acting we will mention the only material objection we have to make, it is to the great length of the equivoque scene on the subject of death; some of the jokes in it, particularly the bell, *told;* but the *subject* was carried to the very gates of disapprobation, and we expected every moment that the audience would make *a coughing*. Mr. Warde's performance of the barrister was natural, gentlemanly, and impressive; Mr. Bartley's character is one of the most original we have seen on the stage for years, it is cleverly conceived, well written, and admirably represented. Mr. Blanchard plays an old steward, the model for whom we understand is to be found in Miss Edgeworth's novel called "Patronage;" wherever he came from, he is most welcome; we could write for half an hour in praise of Mr. Blanchard's acting in this little part, but, in a few words, it is a *gem* without a flaw. This gentleman is one of those performers of unobtrusive excellence, whose value will, we fear, never be properly appreciated until he shall have left the stage; when he is gone and another takes his place, the audience, unless they are more fortunate than they deserve, will find that they have lost an *artist* and got only an actor. Mr. Power was clever and amusing in an Irish part; the part, however, is somewhat inconsistent with itself. We took him at first for one of those crawling reptiles, a disgrace to the age in which they live, who worm themselves into people's confidence by affected friendships, and then turn the family secrets they thus acquire to the basest purposes of gain; but the author's own good feeling seems to have revolted from the task he had set himself, and the lampooner first dwindles into a harmless sponge, and afterwards becomes almost a disinterested friend. Miss Ellen Tree deserves great credit for the zeal with which she played a part hardly worthy of her talent. Mrs. Gibbs as the head of a card-playing coterie, who quarrel and accuse her of cheating, was delightful. We recognized at once the dress and address of dear Mrs. Davenport. The minor characters were well attended to and creditably played. It is no small proof of the merit of this comedy that its success was never for a moment doubtful, although, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Abbott, the lover's part had to be read; Mr. G. Bennett performed this unthankful office with sense and discretion.

Miss Taylor has played *Clari* three times since our last, and has fully justified our estimate of her abilities. We patiently bide our time for some of those critics who have snarled at this young lady for snarling's sake, to come round and agree with us about her; the public do so now whenever they see her.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

A one-act piece called "The Pilot, or a Tale of the Thames," was brought out at this theatre on Monday. It is, as its title clearly imports, a burlesque on the original "Pilot," and, with reference to that *only*, we should say it was ungrateful in the managers to make a joke of a piece which brought them such serious sums of money. They had, however, "another and a better" motive—namely, to make it the medium of a justifiable rating of Covent Garden Theatre, for having made no scruple of playing pieces *borrowed* (a gentle term) from the minors. This was effected in an introductory conversation between Mr. Yates, in his capacity of manager, and his prompter, as to what kind of piece it would be advisable to bring out next. The various hits at the majors were tolerably well put, and one or two of them *told* well. The piece itself appeared to have been got up with far too much haste, as few persons concerned in it knew more than half their parts. It is conceived in a fair spirit of drollery, but very poorly written. We could not help joining the house generally in hearty laughs at the dress and appearance of Mr. Reeve, of Mr. O. Smith, and of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, but there ended our mirth. There was nothing in the writing of the parodies introduced to compensate for the poverty of the dialogue, and considerable disapprobation was manifested at the end. We rather wondered that the audience gave themselves so much trouble, because this is the only theatre we know of at which they are not permitted to have their opinions attended to—a new piece is generally advertised for "Monday and every night during the week." We know not whence the managers acquired this right, but it is well for them that they are allowed to keep it. Justice, however, calls on us to add that almost everything they bring out *is* worthy to be many times repeated. The "Wreck Ashore," and the "Water Witch," continue their well-deserved career of success.

MISCELLANEA

The booksellers, we are glad to see, are about to exert themselves in right earnest, in producing editions of the best authors, in a manner worthy such a body, and at a price adapted to the pocket of those who cannot afford splendid editions. It was high time that the trumpery one volume editions, which have been so long before the public, should be superseded by better. Gibbon in a *legible* type, is the first in the field, and is to be followed by our other historians.

In the very singular collection of MSS. of the late Earl of Guildford, about to be sold by Evans, is a collection of original letters by Machiavel—from the years 1513 to 1522. This extraordinary literary treasure has been discovered after a lapse of three centuries. They will be found to exhibit this celebrated man in his character of a statesman, as they were written during the period he held the office of secretary of state.

The library of the Duchesse de Berri has been consigned to Mr. Evans, who will most probably sell it in February.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Mr. Sams, of St. James's Street, his bookseller and stationer.

Mr. E. Egan has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music.

Phrenology is making mighty strides in the provinces. Dr. Spurzheim has been invited by the Bath Institution to lecture there during the early part of the year, and has complied with the requisition. His lectures will commence the early part of the ensuing year.

Vine Trees.—At the sitting of the Horticultural Society of Berlin, held on the 7th ultimo, an account was read of a large tree of this kind, which had been killed by the severity of last winter's frost, at Leimen, near Wiesloch, in the territory of Baden; it was of the muscadel species and one hundred and thirty years old; its trunk was sixteen feet high and thirty-two inches in circumference, and solid throughout; its branches covered a space exceeding ninety

feet in length, and, when ninety years old, it yielded a produce of three aulms [nearly 20½ English gallons] of wine per annum. One of members of the society then observed, that a vine of similar dimensions, between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty years old, existed at Haarlem. A paper was read, at the same meeting, for the purpose of showing the superiority of vines grafted with seed, to those grafted in the usual manner.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Vegetable Cookery; with an Introduction, recommending Abstinence from Animal Food and Intoxicating Liquors.

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The Foreigner's English Conjugator, elucidated through French Examples, by Justin Brenan.

Essays concerning the Faculties and Economy of the Mind, by William Godwin.

Mr. John Taylor, formerly Editor of the SUN, is at present, and has been for some time past, busy in writing his Memoirs or Reminiscences.

The Devil's Drive, a Satirical Poem on late Events.

Just subscribed.—The Talisman, 1831, 21*s.*—Illustrations to Le Keepsake Français, proofs before letters in portfolio, 3*l.* 3*s.*—Le Keepsake Français, 21*s.*; large paper, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries, by A. Picken, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The High Mettled Racer, by C. Dibdin, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Divines of the Church of England, No. 7, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Book of Dandies, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Heiress of Bruges, 3 vols. 28*s.* 6*d.*—Family Classical Library, Vol. XII. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Stories of an American Life, 3 vols., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Life of Mrs. Jordan, by J. Boaden, 2 vols., 28*s.*—The National Library, Vol. IV., 5*s.*—Affection's Offering for 1831, 4*s.*—Juvenile Cyclopædia, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Mathews' Comic Annual, illustrated with engravings, by R. Cruikshank, 1*s.*—The Forest, by J. Taylor.—Little Library, Vol. III., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Historical Interval, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Exiles of Palestine, by John Carne, 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. J. Collinson on the Preparation for the Gospel, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Isaiah, translated from Vanderhooght, by the Rev. John Jones, M.A., 5*s.*—Trollope's Sallust and Cicero's four Orations, with English notes, 3*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.&Mon.	Thermom. Max.	Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 25	42	32	30.27	S.E.	Foggy.
Fr. 26	42	32	30.05	S.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 27	42	30	29.60	S.E.	Rain, P.M.
Sun. 28	48	38	29.24	E.	Rain, A.M.
Mon. 29	46	38	29.51	E.	Cloudy.
Tues. 30	40	36	29.62	E.	Rain, A.M.
Wed. 1	43	38	29.76	E.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Cloud.—Cirrostratus. Nights and mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 39°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conjunction on Thursday, at 50m. P.M.

The Moon in Perigeum on Monday, at 7h. A.M.

An occultation of Aldebaran on Tuesday.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 18° 27′ in Capricorn.

Mars — — 1° 14′ in Aries.

Sun's — — 8° 50′ in Sagittarius.

Length of day on Wed. 8h. 8m.; decreased, 8h. 26m.

Sun's horary motion 2′ 32″. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99368.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We thank our Cambridge friend for his remarks. We hope our last number satisfied him. He is rather fastidious, but we are obliged to him for watching so carefully.

We greatly regret the omission of the *Table of Meetings*, in our last; but circumstances made it impossible for the editor to see the latter proofs of the paper. He has, in consequence, further to regret that a *note* was extracted from the North American Review: the *text alone* was intended to have been—for the note is personal and offensive, and written in a vulgar spirit; and should not have appeared in The Athenæum.

In answer to numerous applications, the publisher begs to state, that he has with great difficulty made up a complete set of The Athenæum, which may be procured on application at the Office. Many numbers are, however, out of print, and cannot be supplied.

K.H. We cannot understand the omission referred to. Every possible precaution has always been taken, and we exceedingly regret it was not mentioned at the moment. We have done what we could to remedy it.

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